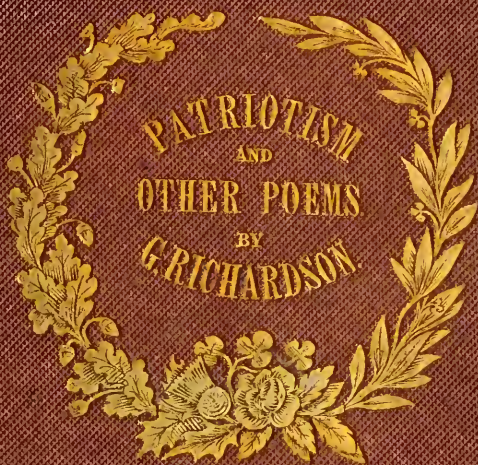


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THE FISH MARKET
BY J. M. W. TURNER



PATRIOTISM:

IN THREE CANTOS.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE RICHARDSON.



ANCOATS OLD HALL.

LONDON:

W. S. Adams Fleet Street.

PATRIOTISM :

IN THREE CANTOS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHENSON AND PHYSICK.

True Liberty was Christian, sanctified,
Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone.
First-born of Virtue ! daughter of the skies !
Nursling of Truth divine ! sister of all
The Graces,—Meekness, Holiness, and Love ;
Given to God and Man, and all below,
That system showed of sensible existence
Their due unasked ; fear to whom fear was due ;
To all, respect, benevolence, and love.
Companion of Religion ! where she came,
There freedom came ; where dwelt, there Freedom dwelt ;
Ruled where she ruled, expired where she expired.

POLLITT.

LONDON :
W. J. ADAMS, 59, FLEET STREET.

MANCHESTER :
GEO. & ALEX. FALKNER, BROWN STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

At a period, probably without precedent in the annals of any provincial district, when the press has for some years past, and is still, issuing upon the great ocean of literature a variety of works by persons of acknowledged genius and talent in that sacred emanation of the soul—that pure Castaly of thought which floweth from the inmost fountain of the human heart—Poetry, as well as from the more general votaries to prosaic composition—the Author of the following pages ventures, not obtrusively or arrogantly, he hopes, but with respectful deference, and proper humility, to stand forth.

The Author would avoid trifling with the reader's patience, and consequently is not disposed to enter at length into the details of early life; nevertheless, he trusts that a brief and “unvarnished” sketch of his autobiography may not be deemed assumptive or uninteresting. Born in the vicinity of Ancoats, Manchester, of humble, industrious, and respected parents, whose means, at the time of his youth, were scanty, and being one of thirteen, he was, from stern necessity, placed to business at a very early age; yet, whatever may have been his position, he does not desire to excite, by coloured or specious plausibility, any partial consideration, with the view of blunting the barb of criticism for the want of common scholastic knowledge, and the lack of the higher ornamental touches of classical diction; he would prefer, therefore, to submit, with becoming independence, to the candid and impartial critic.

Amid his daily labour, the Genii Poetry and Painting, as with emulative spirit, alternately had influence, and in turn triumphed over the mind of the Author; perhaps, however, in his adolescence, the latter held more clearly her dazzling imagery and fascinating mirror before his ideal fancy, and every short relaxation from toil was seized with vigilance for the pencil or crayon, in landscape or figures; whilst the ethereal voice and spirit of the former would occasionally rush, as if with divine melody, upon his ear, falling with thrilling influence upon the heart, and issuing thence, with hallowed fervour, through every chord—touching the most minute action and principle of his nature.

During a portion of his first business avocation, he had the benefit of educational improvement for a few afternoons in each week at the Academy of Mr. John Reynolds, then of Lever-street, where Mr. William Harper, the Author of “Genius,” well and deservedly known and appreciated amongst the literati of Manchester, was a fellow pupil. About the year 1821, being then about fourteen years of age, the Author was placed in a foreign export house of high respectability—a removal very agreeable, and far more genial to his mind, as it afforded more leisure for the pursuance of his favourite study, which was drawing with the pencil or pen, and occasional attempts at water-colouring. Fortunately for him, the highly-gifted, but, alas! fragile and afflicted Henry Liversedge, (who was of an extremely kind and communicative disposition) gave almost nightly instruction to the writer and a fellow student in art, who resided in Bradford-road, within a door, indeed, of the home of the painter's cotemporary and biographer, Charles Swain, Esq. (of whom anon.) Liversedge, at this juncture of his history, was painting portraits in oil, occupying a room in his uncle's mill, Mr. Green (of Sandford and Green, Cotton Spinners, Canal-street,)—a gentleman justly and highly

respected—Henry's greatest friend and kindest benefactor, to whom, in conjunction with his own genius, may be attributable his subsequent excellence and popularity. The Author painted several pictures under him; for example, Morland's Farm Yard, copied an illustration, by Burnet, of Burns' "O, Willie Brew'd," &c., &c., frequently read with and for him Shakspeare; oft recurring to Henry IV., with the second part of which he was always much delighted, and from which he frequently made sketches with great spirit and facility, which the writer now deeply regrets not having preserved. Liversseege subsequently, but for a short period, painted miniatures on ivory, &c., in which branch of art he was most signally fortunate. The Author had the honour of sitting to him several times to most striking and finished productions; he did not long pursue this department of artistic elegance, being too sedentary for and injurious to the pulmonary and grievous nature of his complaint. A few years after this, Liversseege went to London, at the instance of his venerated uncle; was introduced to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and had the advantage of standing by this great painter when in his studio. He became intimate also with Etty, the eminent historical painter, and other academicians of ability and distinction. Any comment subsequent to this, touching his rapid progress, favour, and excellence, would be superfluous; wherefore seek "to gild refined gold, or paint the lily?" Original pictures of high merit, dramatic, historical, and imaginary, were rapidly and most felicitously produced, and are before the public in a finely-engraved style—mutely, but impressively eloquent of his power and genius, and worthy to decorate the gallery of a monarch—equally a credit to the town and his fellow artists, as unfading memorials of his high worth. He died at the age of twenty-eight years, in the year 1832, not before Fame had wreathed his brow, and rare ability had raised from obscurity his humble name; of whom thus sings his amiable and admired cotemporary, Miss Jewsbury, in her celebrated dirge:—

"Yesterday, scarce yesterday,
Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,
And his hand, with cunning play,
To the world these dreams was showing—
Yesterday—and in his eye,
Fame had writ her prophecy;
Sealed it on his flexile lips,
Now in dark and mute eclipse:
Could not Genius save her son?
Wherefore question? he is gone!"

One word upon a disputed point—that Liversseege was an artist of considerable talent is obvious; that he had imagination there can be no question; even admitting the fact that he had recourse to models (what artist has not?), it must be granted, that in order to illustrate any one of the many subjects which he painted, much creative fancy would be indispensable—a vivid and striking ideality; a powerful imagination, and graphic delineation. That Liversseege could sketch at the moment of suggestion, and that, too, with much truth and spirit, the writer of this work is a living witness, and will not shrink from his opinion.—Away therefore with this paucity of matter for criticism!—this sprinkling of blight upon his green fame! Lastly, his colouring, even at the time of his painting portraits, bore the feature of a master hand; there was no rubbing and driving for effect, but much brilliancy, with certainty of touch. This trait, but more clearly and boldly manifest, is delightfully displayed in his later productions; witness "Captain Macheath" in particular,—a transparent and most effective example of this character. For simplicity of nature, truth unadorned by art, "the Recruit" is a singularly clever specimen; his pictures generally exhibit a beautiful harmony of colouring, a judicious yet bold contrast of light and shade, great taste in the *accessoires*; the drawing is correct, his female figures almost invariably graceful and easy, as the vignette illustration to Mr. Swain's first edition of the *Mind* will verify; hence therefore is he estimable, and entitled to be ranked as an artist of *genius* and *imagination*.—Honoured be his memory!

About the year 1829 a volume of essays upon subjects from History and Imagination, by our distinguished poet and townsman Charles Swain, Esq., came into the writer's possession, and from which he received his early notions of poetic taste. Deeply impressed with the moral and sacred inspiration which is so gracefully displayed, particularly in his Sonnets, and which are still clearly before his memory, is proud to see him again before the public in a work "The Mind," &c.—richly replete with the poetry of thought and the poetry of art; doubtless a volume which will go down to posterity, as a household gem, so long as the human intellect is capable of appreciating the glorious and beautiful of poetry and verse—imperishable as the "Mystery of Mind."

The next work known to the Author was "The Village Muse," by his friend Elijah Ridings, a book of unassuming appearance, but which has, notwithstanding, met with favourable notice; one piece he would particularly remark, which is perhaps the second we have in dialectic versification, possessing extremely rich and quaint humour.

Following the above, appeared "Hours in the Bowers," by the persecuted and veteran poet and annalist, Samuel Bamford, a many poems of which are probably unequalled by any modern writer for original conception and fresh vigorous sentiment. His volume of miscellaneous compositions manifest also a strong and laudable tone of sympathy for the "prostrate poor," exhibited in language not extreme, but with a moderate and salutary feeling of patriotic truth.

Subsequently, "Rhyme, Romance and Revery," and "A Voice from the Town," by the talented John Bolton Rogerson, have succeeded, with felicitous and universally admired pieces in prose and verse, the former abounding with rare ideal fancy—the romance of chivalry, &c.; certainly, in invention, very fertile, novel, and imaginative, and deserve to occupy a place in the first line for compositions of this class: the latter displays an exquisite and tender feeling—sweetly and touchingly sensitive of domestic affection.

The Author has thus briefly alluded to these, his known cotemporaries, and as distinguished in the literature of his native town. Almost identical also, but not of Manchester birth, is John Critchley Prince, Author of "Hours with the Muses," of whom it might appear presumptive, on his part, to say more in admiration of his genius than has already appeared in our leading Journals. He cannot, nevertheless, withhold, in justice to his own thoughts, the humble testimony of approbation. The versification of Prince is well selected in point of diction, displaying a discriminating and powerful command of language, correct and melodious rhythm, with versification generally well adapted to the subject. In thought, they possess vigour, pathos, and freshness. A keen perception and rich delineations of the graces of nature prove sufficiently his grasp of mind; perhaps occasionally too much homage or adoration paid to the latter, and, as it were, deifying external nature; but it is pleasing to see that in some of his poems subsequent to the printed volume above named, he has with much power and truth "Looked through nature up to nature's God." Prince possesses a highly poetic temperament of mind, which has doubtless benefited by his sojourning in various parts of the Continent, amidst the sublime, the beautiful, and glorious works in the great world of God's creation.

A greater part of these the writer is familiar with, whom as private friends he esteems, and as public characters he admires; he has therefore thus thought fit to introduce them.

Although the Author has not been an extensive reader upon utilitarian principles, perhaps, yet he is tolerably conversant with the general and popular literature of his country; deeply conscious of the wondrous and universally characteristic power of the Prince of Dramatists, Shakspeare, so justly named, "Fancy's child"—the lofty and sublime aspirations of the Christian Poet, Milton. It would be in vain for him to attempt to speak the rapturous enjoyment he has experienced in the perusal of the works of these master-minds; equally fruitless, also, to paint the moral tone of Cowper—the artless grace and beauty of Goldsmith—the dignified energy of Pope—the thrilling fire of Liberty which glows in the verse of Campbell—the virtuous sympathy of Montgomery—the charming melody of Rogers—the varied, comprehensive, and gigantic mind of Byron—or the felicitous euphony of Moore. Not unfamiliar is he also with the poet and minstrel of Scotia, who certainly possessed an intuitively discerning and vigorous quality of mind, with a matchless pathos and humour. The writer may venture to state that there is scarcely a Caledonian more familiar than he may be with the stirring effusions of the great Bard of Ayr.

For his more practical information, he is much indebted to the valuable epitomes of Messrs. R. & W. Chambers, who have done so much for the intellectual, moral, and social advancement of the people; and he can only add, on his own account, that he is incapable of adequately expressing the gratification and advantage he has experienced from the works of these cultivators of the universal race of mankind.

The chief poem "Patriotism," may be considered a bold, but it is certainly a popular subject, and whether deemed anti-poetical or otherwise, the Author is of opinion, that poetry could scarcely be allied to a theme more laudable or inspiring than that of advocating the general welfare. For what is literature without a moderate

portion of temporal prosperity and happiness? In the introductory part of the poem, he has glanced at the attributes of the Author of all Good, simply to shew forth His bounty and mercy to the whole human race; concluding with (for example's sake) an Episode upon the character and ministration of Christ, &c. The rhythm is varied, simply to destroy the monotony of uniform versification, which is apt to cloy, however sweet. He hopes that in thought or sentiment, wherein he has more especially vindicated that "nurseling of truth divine," Liberty, nothing will be found to offend the most fastidious mind. A many of the miscellaneous pieces have appeared in the popular Journals of the day—the Manchester Guardian, Times, Courier and Advertiser; the Liverpool and Leeds Mercury, &c., &c.

The Dedication may not appear fashionable perhaps—no person of distinction has been sought with the mere jargon of adulation; the Author has selected one who through the voyage of life has been his friend, and in whom its calm or tempest wrought no change.—Who therefore more worthy?

The Author desires to express his thanks to the Printers for the great care they have taken in the production of this work; to Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Physick, his thanks are also due for the superior taste they have displayed. He begs to tender his respectful obligations to his friends for their esteemed patronage, and to say, by way of apology, that the press of his daily business, and not the *printers' press*, has been the sole cause of the delay in the appearance of his volume.

18, LLOYD-STREET, GREENHEYS,
MAY, 1844.

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DEDICATORY STANZAS.

PRELIMINARY ANNOTATION.

SOME of the passages in the Dedictory Stanzas may appear to have but a partial interest to the reader, but to those who have been inhabitants of Manchester for the last twenty or thirty years the allusions will be familiar; to others it will be necessary to state, that Anthony Mosley (third son of Sir Nicholas Mosley, Knight, who purchased the Manor of Manchester in 1596,) was the first resident in Ancoats Hall (according to Baines); he died 25th March, 1607, and was buried in the Collegiate Church. We find, in Wheeler's History of Manchester, that in 1744 Sir Oswald Mosley, ancestor of the present Sir Oswald, was the occupant, and that the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, passed several weeks at Ancoats Hall in privacy—an historical fact too seldom noticed. Of late years William Rawlinson, Esq., an eminent merchant in Manchester, was the occupier: subsequently, and at the period alluded to in the Poem, Jonathan Pollard, Esq., cotton spinner, resided there. The district then was comparatively rural, and the Hall was a very ancient building of wood and plaster; windows, of Gothic form chiefly, with stained glass; ancient porches with seats, piazzas, projecting attics, surmounted with quaint ornaments of black oak, antique stacks of chimneys, &c. &c. On the roof was a railed-off compartment, and a superstition prevailed amongst the young people that it was the burial place of some of the early Lords of the Hall. Upon the site of the present Every-street (probably named after Sir Edward Every, related to the Mosleys), stood Love-lane, with its ivy-mantled cottages and green hedge-rows—a pleasant rustic walk, and favourite solitude for lovers to pass the “tender hour;” hence its name. The locality was altogether picturesque; the lane commanded a sweet variety of scene to the south-east,—fertile valleys and meadows well wooded: here and there the gleaming bosom of the Medlock might be seen circling its way—

“ Singing a song of peace by many a cottage home ;”

beyond the river, undulating land, with clumps of trees, lifting up their various-tinted heads; humble homesteads were scattered upon the scene, and smoke, the indication of man's habitation, was seen curling in relief from the quiet glory of the hills which enfolded the landscape.

The fascination is over,—the hands of Time and Change have been upon it,—the scene is faded,—the old Hall is no more!

The “ Haunted Pile,” referred to in the Dedictory Stanzas, was generally known, at the period alluded to, by the name of the Old Foundry; it was then in ruins, and said to be haunted,—a report accredited the more readily, from the belief in a man having committed suicide therein. The building occupied the site of a portion of Mr. W. Fairbairn's premises, Canal Street, Ancoats.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

TO EDWARD BOND.

“ And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every Poet hopes that after times
Shall set some value on his votive lay,—
And I would fain one gentle deed record
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.”

HON. MRS. NORTON.

To thee, my Friend, who, in my childhood days,
Wert nurtured in the same dear homely spot,
I dedicate with pride my early lays.
Oft I revert unto our humble lot,
And boyhood scenes, which ne'er may be forgot ;
Imagination lingers on the place
Where sweet contentment blest each lowly cot,
And pleased each dear memorial to retrace,
When thou wert loved and prized for unaffected grace.

Full thirty years into the gulf of age
Have sunk, since we sat by the lov'd fireside,
Listening attent to each maturer sage,
When times were hard, from labour's scanty hire;
For mine, alas! and thine afflicted sire
Were sorely held in thrall by adverse blight,
But one, in Christian meekness, did expire,
And thine is spared to bless thy grateful sight,
With thee to aid his path to everlasting light!

How different now our fav'rite haunts appear,
For Time—insatiate Death—eventful Change—
Have wrought sad havoc in their stern career;
Gone is Old Ancoats Hall, each happy range
Which memory brings, which years can ne'er estrange;
Gone is the rustic lane to which fond Love
Had lent its name—where youthful interchange
Of soul was made, and vows to constant prove,
And sanctify with Truth the blest design above.

Canst thou remember Shooter's tiny brook,
Girt with the cleanly homesteads of the low;
The matron's school, with window-seat to look
Upon the shallow, murmuring stream below?
How oft astray with willing feet we'd go,
Or o'er the knolls run to the Haunted Pile,
And hear with solemn tone the tale of woe
Of some adventurous wight, with daring guile, [while?
Who snatch'd from God his doom, which thrill'd our souls the

My fancy roams with pleasure over these
Our former walks, and pictures the old tree,
Which stood for years against the battling breeze,
A symbol of our struggling destiny.
How oft we played beneath it, gay and free,
Or wandered to the hill, sweet joys to find,
And climbed its summit, like a level bed,
With lowly daisies crowned, where, unconfined,
We've bounded with light heart, and heedless as the wind!

Our aged friends have dwindled, one by one ;
Some in cold penury's stern grasp did pine—
Some to the grave by slow decay have gone,
And some by sudden stroke did life resign ;
But we are left with holy Hope divine,
Gilding with brighter hues advancing life ;
Oh, let us not with thankless hearts repine,
But check the subtle growth of worldly strife,
And humbly trust to God, in mercy ever rife !

Through adverse years, before my mental eye,
I see them now, too oft with grief allied ;
Poor, but yet decent, in demeanour high,
With honest dignity and worthy pride,
Yet vainly glad to shew the better side :
But they have yielded up life's devious chase,
And on my hearth, too, with destruction wide,
The potent conqueror came, with grisly face,
And quench'd warm kindred hearts within his chill embrace !

And yet, though hard and rough our worldly track,
With early toil, anxiety, and care,
Let us, with tranquil minds, to Him look back,
And own the gentle goodness which we share :
Let us respond, in gratitude and prayer,
God's blessed mercy with devoted soul,
To fit us for the glorious haven, where
The blest, in triumph o'er this earthly goal,
Dwell in a realm of light, as endless ages roll.

I bring my friendly strain, my verse of praise,
To intertwine, with thy respected name,
A fond memento of departed days,
Haply to have a transitory fame !
My ardent lyre would here enshrine its claim
To breathe thy virtuous philanthropic zeal,
Speak of thee as thou wert, art still the same—
Not swayed by Fortune's smiles, but prone to feel
A sympathetic warmth for universal weal !

Ever the same, with counsel sage and bland,
To blend kind precept with example mild—
To cherish humble worth with generous hand—
To raise with soothing hope affliction's child,
Or sow religious truth in hearts defiled !
A friend to Freedom's sweet and rightful plan,
With moral means—averse to rancour wild
Of demagogues who, with insnaring ban,
Would lure, with specious tongue, the poor unwary man.

And now 'tis done, my long desired task,
My cordial meed of gratitude sincere,
My song of eulogy!—and wilt thou ask
Why unto thee I bring this tribute here?—
An humble record for a future year
To look upon with joy!—nor idle dream,
But fervent love, with fond commune to cheer!
Perchance again my lowly harp may deem
To wake a loftier strain, but not a *worthier* theme!

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

“ O come, blest Spirit ! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail ! ”

BLOOMFIELD.

Harp of my Fatherland,
That “ erst in Cambrian vales ”
Swelled in wild sweetness,
Borne on the mountain gales,
Ah ! though unskilled, my hand would dare essay
To sweep thy strings as yore, dear harp of olden day !

For thee, my native land,
And for thy woes, I feel
A sympathy and care
Which bind me to thy weal,
And have a hope that this, my lowly strain,
May touch the oppressor's soul, and, oh, not touch in vain !

Perchance to ease the thrall
Of England's fallen race,
And plant sweet Freedom's flag
On Right's eternal base,
See black Oppression, with her sullen sway,
Fly with Injustice from my shore away !

Oh, for the deathless voice
Of them, the champions dead,
Our glorious Hampden, Pym,
And Sidney, too, who bled !
They were the men devoted to our land,
A bold, a noble, patriotic band !

Give me thy spirit, oh,
Grattan ! the aged and brave
Who pleaded, e'en to death,
For every Irish slave ;
Give me the souls of those who fought and fell—
Wallace, the dauntless, and Helvetia's Tell !

Oh ! with what fervour then,
Dear Country, should my song
Go forth, and fearless blaze
Thy suffering and wrong—
Speak to the hearts of those who, reckless, scorn
The prayers and pleadings of the humbler born.

But God's omniscious eye
With equal love marks all ;
The merest slave—the greatest king—
The humble “sparrow's fall”—
Will he not visit, with avenging hand,
Those who have dared to crush the ardour of the land !

P A T R I O T I S M.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION—Opening Address to the Genius of Liberty and Freedom—Contentment partially produced thereby—The blessings of Domestic Comfort—Children—Winter—The shelterless Wayfarer ; Suffering Poor—The Beauty of Spring—The Munificence of God manifested in Summer and Autumn—His hallowed majesty in the Creation of the Universe—Primeval Day—The sweetness of Morning—The glory of Night—The Sceptic—The Omniscience of the Almighty ; His love displayed in the Advent of the Messiah—The Temptation, Miracles, and Suffering of Christ ; His Charity recommended.

PATRIOTISM.

CANTO I.

“ Oh, Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the glowing face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.”

ADDISON.

“ And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all !”

THOMSON.

Thou hallowed Power ! from thy sacred goal,
With blessed inspiration fill my soul,
And give my heart a bold yet chastened tongue
To paint the varied moral of my song ;
A pure, devoted mind fain would I ask,
With fitting thought and reason for the task—
Reason, with Truth, which, as a cresset light,
Shews error like wild breakers to the sight ;
Nor yet, in trifling aspiration vain,
To mar with turgid rhyme the subject of my strain !

Sweet Spirit of Liberty ! hither come,
From the sunny hills of thine happy home,
Where the lofty pine, in its native pride,
Waves free o'er the crags on the mountain side,
And the heather, in lowly beauty bright,
Is blooming in pride on the jagged height.

Oh, come, as in Helvetia's land
Thou rul'st with gentle, gracious hand,
Diffusing, like a fragrant gale,
Thy sweets through many a happy vale !
Come, dwell with us, ethereal maid,
In thy bright luxuriant locks arrayed ;
Then Peace and Joy would soothe and bless,
And comfort our wretched lowliness.
Behold, by lovely Leman's* side,
A blest community, who prove
The joys of liberty and love,
Secluded 'mid their Alpine pride ;
Where Jura and St. Gothard† stand
In grandeur by a beauteous land,
Waving gay pennons on their height,
That quiver in the solar light ;
Whilst streams, crags, glaciers, and snow
Contrast with flow'ry vales below.

* Lake Leman, the largest in Switzerland.

† Swiss mountains.

And here, in solemn glory, rise
The mountains towering to the skies ;
Where, bounding on the rude abode,
The ibex* climbs its trackless road ;
Whilst, smiling like another sphere,
Green fields and cottage scenes appear.
There woodland, vineyard, pastures lie
Enchantingly before the eye ;—
Enough, sublimest spot ! to swell
The bosom of thy patriot, Tell,
Who burned with manly zeal to save
His country from an abject grave !

Freedom ! thou pride of the noble in heart,
Hast thou fled for ever ? Oh, impart
A glimpse of thy glory as yore, when Fame
Spread wide o'er the earth thy blessing and name ;
Then man might enjoy the kind bounty of heaven,
For labour and hire were graciously given ;
The moral condition of man was more blest,
More cheerful his toil, more placid his rest !

Content was there,—each cottage board
With wholesome sustenance was stored,

* Ibex, or rock goat.

And happy children might be seen
 With healthful look and pleasing grace,
Whilst parents, with a mind serene,
 Beheld, with love, each cheerful face.
Oh, is it not a parent's pride,
 When artless innocence is there,
To see them round the warm fireside,
 Chasing away each anxious care ;
One on the mother's gentle breast,
 Greeting her eyes with tender smiles,
And pressing, like a dove, its nest,
 Life's sad solicitude beguiles ;
The mother oft, with pious care,
 Looks on her babe with yearning tears,
And, musing on its future years,
 Breathes many a holy, fervent prayer !
How deep and strong, how sacred, oh, how blest,
Is pure affection lodged within a mother's breast !

Now Winter comes forth the green earth to deform,
And he whistles aloud in the battling storm ;
He groaneth as through the dark forest he wends,
And the skeleton trees like a giant he bends !
Like thunder he booms, or like ocean he raves,
And tosseth the branches like turbulent waves !
He rushes and shrieks through the desert amain,

And he blows, like the surf, his keen chilling rain ;
He sounds his shrill trumpet of rage in the air,
And it echoes on earth like the cry of despair !
Now, lone, o'er the moorlands, wild, dreary, and bare,
He wails like a ghost in the thick dismal air ;
His fury is stretched o'er the face of the deep,
Whilst, awe-struck, the sea-farers shudder and weep ;
But pitiless he, and remorseless his breath,
For he wings o'er the earth with the arrows of death !
Now, snow-clad, he cometh with silvery head,
And scatters fierce hail on the earth's sterile bed ;
The lucent stream ceaseth to sing, and the face
Of nature is chilled in his rigid embrace ;
He has spread, as a shroud, his desolate spell,
O'er village and hamlet, o'er mountain and dell !

The wayfaring peasant, fatigued and aghast,
Turns upward his eyes to the furious blast ;
Nor a shelter is near, and, feeble with age,
He struggles with dread through the pitiless rage ;
He looks on the tempest with quivering eye,
Nor gleam from a cottage to cheer him is nigh,
And he muses of home, of the fond heartfelt care
Which ascends to the temple of Mercy in prayer—
A prayer for his safety ; Oh, soothing and kind
Is the feeling that falls like balm on his mind !

Rude, savage Winter ! how shall they
Abide beneath thy gelid sway ?
How will the feeble, hapless poor,
Their bitter misery endure ?
They should our special thoughts engage ;
Be soothed each furrowed brow of age,
Freed, in their years, from adverse strife,
And aided down the steep of life !

Oh, shall a venerable pair
Be doomed to eat the bread of care,
From mutual sympathy apart—
The sweet commune of heart with heart ?
What ! rend the holy nuptial vow,
Brand with stern grief the aged brow,
And to a bastile drag the meek,
With tears of woe upon their cheek ?
Forbid it, Lord ! may thy blest power
Protect them in that cheerless hour !

Behold ! when Spring's prolific birth
With smiling grandeur decks the earth,
The effulgent sun, with glowing rays,
The glory of the field displays,
Obedient to the gracious word
Of heaven and earth's creative Lord.

His glory and his power are found,
Where verdure springs with soft perfume,
And through the living world abound,
In varied graces, tint, and bloom.
Lo ! pastures rich, and corn-fields wide,
Shoot forth from golden Summer's side,
And, redolent from fertile soil,
Fair promise crowns the rustic's toil ;
Whilst groves with flow'ry beauty shine
Profusely, at the will divine !

Then Autumn appears, with ripening grain,
And garners are stored with bounty again.
Oh, Nature ! who may gaze on thee,
And look above,
Whence comes this love,—
This grandeur of the Deity—
And feel not in his inmost soul
Jehovah's mercy and control,
Whose voice, whose sacred influence play,
Warning the viler thoughts away ;
Nor round his heart a feeling bring,
Like calmness 'neath an angel's wing,
Bowing the spirit 'fore that throne
Whose essence is the Lord alone !
An awful, dread sublimity appears,

Before he planned the infinite of spheres ;
When the vast universe was dim and drear,
And silence reigned, yet God was there !

Lord of the world ! supreme, divine,
The illimitable depth was thine !
For ever, on the antemundane throne,
In solemn, secret majesty and grace,
Moved thou, reigning creative power alone,
And said, " Let light pervade the unbounded space !"

Then cold primeval darkness dwelt,
And Chaos nature's Godhead felt ;
Felt, and obeyed supernal might,
And burst with glory into light !
" Let there be light !" and Discord's sway
Shrieked, like frightened fiend, away,
And, like a hideous demon, fell,
With Sin, in blackest, deepest Hell !

Then the irradiated Earth
Sang songs of gladness at the birth,
And Eden bloomed upon the sod,
Responsive to the voice of God !
Then sunny beams, with mellow shade,
In soft variety displayed

Their grace, as though a dream
Some blissful scene had made—

Where hills, with leaping floods, in sparkling beauty gleam !

There's beauty in the blush of early light,
When morning, like a vestal pure and bright,
Appears with Tyrean robes to glad the sight—
When the east, like a sapphirine pathway, lies
Surrounded with shapes of a myriad dyes,
And ruby streamers are floating away,
Like signals of joy from approaching day ;
Whilst glowing more bright in the deep expanse,
What a glorious plain meets the ravished glance !
That the aching fancy afar may roam,
In a blissful thought of a heavenly home !

There's dazzling glory when the vital sun
Looks down at noon, his mid-day journey run ;
Then graceful Eve steals o'er retiring day,
And, twin with darkness, takes her solemn way ;
Next Night, sublime, unfolds his dark-blue robe,
And peaceful slumber reigns o'er half the globe.

Proud, sceptic, gaze around
The mystery profound,
When the great amplitude of night
Arrays his starry troops of light,
When countless orbs in splendour shine
Around the dome of heaven divine.
Yet, in the dim remote expanse,
Extend thy searching, doubting glance ;

Oh, in the abyss thine eyes are lost,
Where gleam afar a radiant host,
Rolling in silent splendour there,
And God's omnipotence declare !

Speak to thy inmost heart,

Frail doubter, as thou art ;

Oh, it will tell,

Even there a power divine,—

The essence of thy soul and mine,—

Doth deign to dwell !

His love, to crown with fadeless rest,

Was Mercy's act, the chiefest, best ;

When man, by sad perversion's stain,

Brought Sin, with its accursed train,

Oh, did not the Messiah take

Our form for great atonement's sake,

And persecution bear on earth,

To purchase man's regenerate birth ;

That souls redeemed might spurn this sinful clod, —

And share the deathless bliss—the paradise of God !

Was not the Lord's annointed Child

Tempted by Satan in the wild ?

Who sought him in a trying hour,

With promised pomp, and hellish power ;

When, from the mountain's lofty throne,

He offered Judah's ancient crown,

And on the Temple's giddy place
He strove to lure the Son of Grace ;
But Jesus said, " Get thee behind me, Satan ;—know
'Tis written in the sacred word,
Thou shalt not tempt thy sovereign Lord !
Back, to thy immutable doom of woe,
Nor dare, with guile accursed, God's son to overthrow !"

Did he not shew, in Cana's land,
The goodly wonder of his hand,
When water, at the word divine,
Changed at the bridal-feast to wine !
Was not his might supreme revealed
By Jordan, and at Galilee,
When at his word the foul were healed,
The blind had strength to see ;
The leper, palsied, deaf, and lame,
Were objects of his gracious care ;
And to the widow's son he came,
To hear the mourner's prayer !
Oh ! then base Judas deigned to take
The guileful kiss ; for lucre's sake,
Betrayed, with perjured, sinful word,
His suffering, persecuted Lord !
Then, like a captive, was he bound,
Before the bar of Pilate led ;

Scourged and reviled, in mockery crowned

With piercing thorns upon his head ;

He died upon the shameful tree,

Mankind from endless woe to free !

Earth trembled ; and the awful power

Of God was seen that suffering hour ;

The temple and the rocks were rent,

And raged each dreadful element !

The startled graves unveiled their bed,

And ghastly stalked the troubled dead !

Thick horror gloomed the murky air,

For God, august in might, was there !

He heard a cry, and downward came

On lightning's wings, his son to claim !

He burst from the tomb ! and the portals on high

Were arrayed in effulgent sublimity ;

The seraphs afar on the heavenly plain

Swept their harps to his praise in a sacred strain ;

The angels re-echoed the glorious sound,

In anthems of gladness and honour profound,

And the ransomed awoke through the limitless span,

Hallelujahs of joy for the Saviour of Man !

Then let this love which Christ began

Dwell in each breast of fallen man,

And the sweet gracious gifts of heaven
Be freely, mercifully given.
Bring comfort to the lowly poor,
That unity and peace of mind
Throughout the earth may reign secure,
And with God's mercy be a blessing to mankind !

END OF CANTO I.

P A T R I O T I S M.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

General distress of the Poor—Hapless Children—Former prosperity of England—The hand-loom Weaver, his miserable home, and privations of his Family—Address to the Nobles of the Land—Selfish Pride—The universality of God's goodness—The Senate—The anomaly of Church and State—Mammon-worshippers—The freedom of Christ's Church—The supreme invitation to everlasting Peace—The Apostolic Age, and the humility of its ministration—Apostrophe to the Christian Ministers of the present day—The precepts of the Prophets—Isaiah—The duty and necessity of ministerial interposition on behalf of the oppressed—Hypocrisy—The Rulers of the State appealed to—The Patriots, Cobden, Bright, &c.—The urgency of salutary Laws—Senatorial indifference—The dread and curse of Rebellion—Free Commerce; its international advantages—God's produce for all—The Children of Israel; Joshua; the destruction of Hazor's kingdom—The dangers of procrastination—Vicious means deprecated—The horrors of Civil War—The peaceful mandate of God—The vain and fleeting glory of Martial Honour—Retribution.

“ For in the crowded street, the voice of woe,
 The low faint cry of poverty oppress,
 Sounds like the requiem of my country's peace,
 The dirge for her long day of glory fled ;
 Harp of my country, waken ere it cease,
 And the last spirit of the land be dead ! ”

MRS. A. HAWKSHAW.

“ I gird me for another day
 Of labour unrequited ;
 My Father and my Deity !
 When shall these wrongs be righted ?
 Oh ! stretch thine hand out o'er this land,
 A strong, a just redresser,
 And bid the prostrate poor upstand,
 And humble the oppressor ! ”

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

“ We are aware of the odium of political preaching, and hate its ordinary employment ; but the ministers of the New Testament ought not to be alarmed at a name and a sneer, which would win them more souls, and more true and legitimate power, than they will ever lose by advocating the cause of our Saviour's representatives—the poor.”—GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

“ What are the Corn Laws ?

“ The offspring of war, nursed by successive systems of corrupt governments and corrupt governors—an unholy undertaking to prevent one portion of the children of the Universal Parent having what others can spare—precluding the free interchange of produce for the general good—an iniquitous scheme, by which men must dig two weeks to provide that which another can by digging one—a something perfectly anti-christian, and therefore, decreed to fall ; we have, consequently, only to desire that their abrogation may injure as few of our fellow-men as possible.”—QUESTIONS FOR THE TIMES.

“ Oh, isle of my Fathers ! fair Queen of the Sea !
 Men call thee land of the fearless and free ;
 They say thou art first on the records of fame,
 They speak of thy glory—but not of thy shame ! ”

J. C. PRINCE.

“ Charity ! decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
 Knows, with just rein and gentle hand, to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.”

PRIOR.

CANTO II.

Look on the crowded streets, and trace
The aching breast in many a face !
The lowly mass, the labouring band
Who prop the grandeur of the land,
The vigour that upholds the state,
The blood and vitals of the great !
Oh! deep the hardships that the poor
With sad humility endure—
The battling destiny of years,
Through toil and sweat, through want and tears,
Which they must brave, which they must bear,
Nor murmur at their slavish care ;
Scarce look or speak,—a tyrant's curse
Might make their slav'ry doubly worse !
Preferring (calmly great) a wrong,
They learn to “suffer and be strong !”
In misery they live—they die,
And this is British Liberty !

See, in the passing multitude,
A haggard horde, with garments rude,
Gro'ling along from abject birth,
Like serfs upon the fertile earth,
Unpitied, unrelieved, unfed,
Asking, in suppliant tones, for bread !
And famished wives, too weak to bear
The weight of anguish and despair ;
Wildly they gaze around for food,
To soothe their helpless, infant brood ;
Yet, impotent the gentle will,
To shield them from affliction chill.
Ah ! who may hear the piercing wail
Of gentle children, sad and pale,
Whose symapthy would not awake,
To shelter them for pity's sake.
See babes, with deep affection, prest
Unto the mother's milkless breast.
Turn not aside with haughty tread,
For God hath said,
He will reward the generous hand,
When on the judgment throne in mercy he shall stand !

Hail ! minister to wretched strife,
Sweet Hybla in the stream of life,
Meek Charity ! beloved, benign,

Pure chalice from a fount divine ;
Blest feeling, which in heaven began,
That graced the good Samaritan ;
Bright solace to the mournful heart,—
Bringer of blandest joys thou art,
Dispelling gloom with cheering ray,
Like storm-clouds 'fore the sun of day ;
Thou sacred feeling, sparkling, kind,
Let fall thine influence on mankind !

England ! my persecuted isle,
When will thy light of Freedom smile ?
Alas ! the mighty of the land
Disdain the lowly struggling band !
When will thy stricken sons be free,
By rightful, legal, wise decree,
The flag of Justice wave unfurled,
And Peace enfold the jarring world ?

Lo ! the pale weaver at his loom,*
In the damp cellar's sickly gloom,

* Let those who are too apt to prejudge the condition of the operative poor, particularly the hand-loom cotton weaver, take a wider range in their perambulations, before they express themselves too generally as to the suffering privation and bootless toil which they endure. This part of the poem was suggested upon visiting (with a friend last year) the districts of Whalley and Clitheroe ; the weavers, men and women, were then employed upon a kind of light wide cloth, probably tangibs, and labouring

Toiling for bread from early light,
Through lurid day to darksome night ;
Look on his dewy brow, where care
Hath stamped the impress of despair,
And in his eye, too stern to weep,
Behold a canker keen and deep !
His bosom throbs with conscious pain,
As under currents swell the main ;
Unheeded grief, with racking tone,
Hath torn his heart—his vigour gone ;
His frame, by ceaseless turmoil bent,
Nerve, life, and spirit—all are spent ;
To cruel vassalage a prey,
Drooping with premature decay.
Sad baffled hope, without redress,
Concludes each day of bitterness—
The irksome day, the restless night,
And hunger comes with morning light—
A human sacrifice ! a slave
Living immured within a grave,
As one within a dungeon's gloom
Is fated to a dismal doom !
Look in his cot, where pining dearth

fourteen hours or more a day, the former earning only 3s. 6d. to 4s., and the latter 2s. 6d. to 3s. per week, in addition to which, being Preston manufacture, they had to carry the work to and fro, a distance of about ten miles.

Is seen beside the wretched hearth,
Where, comfortless, his tender band
Around the dying embers stand ;
They ask for bread ! Oh, God of Heaven,
When thou for all hast plenty given !
Behold, his agony of mind
To utter penury consigned,
To know his wife and infant brood
Must feel the dreadful want of food ;
Whilst ye, base lordlings, 'mid their strife,
Gloat on the luxuries of life !
Behold the broken walls and door,
The shattered panes, the dark, damp floor,
The homely table, rugged chair—
Not even common food is there ;
With roof scarce sheltering their head,
Nor covering for their darksome bed !
Oh, thus the skilful weaver lives—
This is the boon that England gives !

Descend to the home, and narrowly scan
The cell of the labouring artisan ;
The humble hovel, cold, clammy, and bare,
Calls loud for your mercy and friendly care ;
How dingy and drear, with scarcely a ray
Of the cheering and blessed light of day !

What joy hath he through the season of life,
'Mid months and years of harassing strife,
Whilst the utmost effort of human power
Scarce yields relief for the wants of each hour,
And hunger, with heart-stirring moan, is there,
With fleshless fangs on the wrinkles of care ;
There, on the pallet bed huddled and low,
Sweet rest is encumbered with visions of woe,
Till morning appears, when, faint and aghast,
The lab'rer creeps forth with a hopeless repast.

Thus journies the poor, suffering man,

A victim to a selfish ban ;

Thus, patient, curbs with calm control

The burning fervour of his soul !

Ye proud voluptuaries of earth

Who boast, how vainly boast of birth !

Yet ask Protection ! shame, oh, shame !

Degraded and perverted name ;

Protect ye, minions of the land,

Against a trammelled, hungry band !

Protect ye, in your chariot pride,

Against the houseless at your side !

Protect ye, at your orgiean rites,

Against the squalid foodless wights !

Protect ye, 'gainst the low, obscure,

The weakly, harassed, prostrate poor !

Protect ye, whilst ye dare to hold
Heaven's bounty for the lust of gold ;
What know ye in your princely domes
Of thousands and their narrow homes ?
What know ye of the common want—
Of wages, or of warmth the scant ?
What know ye of the lack of bread,
The throb of woe, the fevered head ?
No anxious days, no nightly throes,
Perplex your minds, or wound repose,
Tho' near, yet far, ye dwell apart,
And 'reck not of the anguished heart !
Vouchsafe to ope "one cottage door,"
And yield some solace to the poor ;
Approach with sympathetic care,
And see the sickly misery there !

Say what is pomp, wealth, power, when Death
Calls from its mortal cell the breath,
And generations pass away
To mingle in one common clay ?
The spirit quits this grovelling sod,
To front a dread, insulted God !
Oh, why, with avaricious pride,
Oppress the poor ? do ye not know

There is a power will not deride
The humblest of the world below ?
May Justice prompt a nobler part,
And moral impulse sway the heart ;
May boundless love and mercy true
Spread o'er the earth like heavenly dew,
From rich to poor, through low and high,
In all the nations 'neath the sky,
And grieving millions hear and feel,
The great are mindful of their weal !
Then anarchy would flee the land,
And Albion as a bulwark stand !

Lo, where Corruption, as a demon, lurks,
And in dark guise the mesh of misery works ;
There the monopolist, with guileful tongue,
Adds ill to ill, and selfish wrong on wrong ;
There the aristocrats in riches shine,
Mammon at once their homily and shrine ;
Taxing their market, for their country's grief,
The workhouse or the dungeon for relief.
There, too, Oppression makes his grim abode,
Opposed to Freedom, Nature, and to God !
Whilst rankling scorn and festering hate, the while,
Degrade for worldly lust the sons of toil ;

There feudal lords confer in bitter mood,
And over partial laws in baseness brood,
Lay sinful imposts on the fruitful sod,
Taxing the living grain—the heritage of God !

Whence love of power, with wild yet crafty charms,
Upraise the paltry cant of Church alarms,
Should any tongue presume to deprecate
The gross anomaly of Church and State ?
Fain would they cramp the intellectual sway,
And doom to ignorance men's lives away ;
Fain, for the love of power and sordid rule,
Cry Ruin ! with themselves its very tool ;
Speak of Religion in a holy song,
When hateful venom lurks beneath the tongue ;
Venal monopoly, in truth, their theme,
Whilst rank defilement mars sweet virtue's stream.
Tyrants may bind the freedom of mankind,
But impotent to stem the progress of the mind !

Can Mammon, then, the human will control,
And carnal wealth corrupt the godly soul—
Corrupt the temple, raised for sacred care,
For high commune, and spiritual prayer ?
Oh, no ! as soon unsheath the hostile sword
To urge the precepts of the holy word !

The heavenly mission, like the eternal mind,
Should not be kept in golden gyves confined,
But free ; for list the Almighty's breath :

“ Behold, I set before ye life and death,
Choose ye which ye will ;” the blissful goal

Invites to endless peace

Each spotless, priceless soul—

But not compels ; the infinite decree
Is good, beneficent, merciful, and free ;
Ardent in love, with watchful care to bless,
Yet wills the path to glorious happiness !
Virtue and heaven are free and unconfined ;
Be thus Religion's love to all mankind ;
Let none pollute—let none blest truth confine,
Nor stain the well-spring in its course divine.
How different in the Apostolic age,

When upon earth the Advocate of man

His sacred ministry of peace began,

To expound the doctrines of the blessed page :
No carnal pride debased the godly sage,
But on the pure and glorious basis, then
Supremely placed, they preached as holy men !

The temple of the living God should be
From vanity and gross pollution free ;
Nor priest nor preacher, with perfidious form,

The sanctuary (for faith alone) deform ;
No shew of pageantry, no carved shrine,
Nor flagrant mockery of God divine
With Christ's disciples ! no altar of mere stone,
 Relics of gold or silver, or of wood ;
But plain and fervent 'fore his sacred throne,
 Like ministers of Christian Truth they stood ;
No type or bauble of symbolic art,
But praise devout, upspringing from the heart.
No gaudy robe—no sacerdotal train,
Nor Superstition's guile, corrupt and vain,
Nor cassock, nor gilt tome their creed to stain,
Nor pompous ritual ; but pure and meek,
With voice and soul did they their high salvation seek !

Do we not boast throughout the land
A delegated pastor band ?
Lack they not clemency and care
For those who grievous burthens bear ?
Behold ! ye stewards of the Lord—
Ye preachers of His holy word !
Spiritual grace is only found
Where temporal sympathies abound.
The prophets in the days of old
A brighter precept have foretold,
They raised their voices to redress

The cry of indigent distress ;
Isaiah, with poetic tongue,
Exclaimed 'gainst the "oppressor's wrong,"
'Gainst they who "robbed the fatherless,
And brought the widow to distress!"
When Judah mourned that God's dread hand
Sent grievous famine on the land,
The Prophet wept her awful fate,
And prayed when she was desolate ;
Submitted to the chastening rod,
In humble meekness 'fore his God !
Scorned, persecuted, and maligned,
And in captivity consigned,
Yet knelt he 'fore the sacred throne,
And made the people's grief his own.
The holy mission which ye bear
Demands your earnest pastoral care,
To mitigate all worldly strife,
Whilst pointing to celestial life.

Say, are not persecutive laws
At variance with the Christian cause ?
Oh, is there one whose bosom glows
Responsive to the labourer's woes ?
Or, is there one whose mind is fraught
With the pure feeling Jesus taught ?

And shall the pious take the side
Of pampered avarice and pride,
Stoop to the sophistry of man,
Opposed to His preceptive plan?
Woe to the hypocrite who dares
Pervert the sacred name He bears ;
Professing sweet Religion's claim,

Yet shuts his bosom from the poor,
The pangs and sufferance they endure,
And violates the Word, their cause, and Christian name !

Oh, ye who sacred hold the nation's trust—

Ye chief-appointed rulers of the state—
May noble deeds, may feelings wise and just,

Employ your power,—be generous and great ;
Forget not, 'tis for you to firmly stand,
And vindicate the freedom of the land ;
Support the people's rights, avert the doom
Which o'er the country hangs with fearful gloom ;
To break the chain of thraldom, and secure
Justice, and peace, and comfort for the poor !

Forget not thousands, desolate,
Still calmly dream a happier state ;
That milder laws may yet restore
Assuasive blessings through the shore ;

Repair the servile wrongs which bind
The general welfare of mankind.

Have ye not souls ?—do ye not feel,
Or hear, the wants the mass reveal ?

Is not your senate-table piled
With prayers derided and reviled ?

Hark to them, the Bread-taxed race,
Imploring justice ! Oh, efface

This sordid blur—this foul disgrace ;
Let mutual sympathy preside

O'er harsh austerity and pride.

Your trust is solemn ! may God your hearts incline,
And send ye mercy from His seat divine ;

Imbue your souls with elevated zeal,
To plead and triumph for the nation's weal ;
And by the people's love, like patriots, stand,
And spurn the slavish tyrants of the land !

'Ere mischief come, with reckless hate,
And spread its terror o'er the great ;

'Ere fierce Rebellion may be rife,
With deadly feud on human life ;

Tempt not vindictive feeling, strong,
To light the latent fire of wrong

With tumult, awful to presage
The frantic burst of civil rage.

Cobden, to thee, who, from the people's side,
Arose, in time their glory and their pride,
Their patriot chief ! my theme may proudly claim
To link, with grateful heart, thy valued name ;
Thou who, unperjured, stand'st, with dauntless voice,
At once the nation's champion and choice ;
Thou, who appear'st, in truth's stern might arrayed,
Constant in zeal, of purpose undismayed ;
Go on, 'till fierce Oppression shall no more
Rob of her rights our fettered shore.
Be resolute ! Lo ! from the home of care,
Ascends to heaven the labourer's fervent prayer ;
And hear again, upon thine honoured head,
His blessings on thy plea for untaxed-bread ;
Oh, may thou gain, to grace thy future days,
The country's love, its thankfulness and praise!
What nobler duty may the mind impart,
Than a sincere benevolence of heart,
And genial sympathy of soul to feel
A manly fervour for the general weal ?
I hail thee, then, and thy compatriots too,
Unflinching Bright, and brighter, being true ;
True, when thy country's wrong demands thine aid,
With generous deed, in fluent speech arrayed ;
Foremost to act 'gainst faction's base intrigue
To crush the progress of a rightful " League ;"

Then Brooks, though blunt, yet earnest in the cause,
To rid the country of corruption's laws ;
A friend, with open purse, with heart and hand,
To uphold the freedom of his native land !
Then he, the venerable Knight,* appears,
Truth in his mein, and honour in his years ;
Rising amongst the ranks of patriots brave,
With outstretched hands the people's rights to save ;
Always alert, and ever in the van,
With philanthropic aid for fellow man ;
Oh, may these goodly feelings ever sway,
To cheer his life, and bless his final day !

Let Commerce, with its genial smile,
Spread its bright wings o'er every isle ;
Our ships be freighted with free store,
And blessings bring from shore to shore—
From north to south, from east to west,
And make the world with comforts blest !
Labour !—a great, a mutual good—
Would yield us profit, raiment, food,
And free exchange would grant to all
A golden boon 'gainst needy thrall ;
Promote a social, friendly tone,
With tribes and states as yet unknown ;

* Sir Thomas Potter.

Convinced that God for great and small,
Gave produce of the earth for all.

Unshackle all,—let free the Patriot voice !
To urge their wish—have rulers of their choice ;
Nor subsidy presume, with golden gloss,
To tempt the hireling with its guilty dross.

List to the voice of Mercy sweet,—
“ Give to the hungered food to eat,”
And will they not his goodness share,
Who tend the poor with watchful care ?
And will not penal judgment wait
On them who bind the humble state—
Who tax their corn—a grievous wrong !
And trample on the suffering throng ?
Mysterious power ! oh, deign to scan
This wayward, finite atom—man,
And bless with motives thoughtful, kind,
The stubborn passions of the mind ;
Let fall thy providential will ;
Oh, turn away the impending ill,
And to the rulers wisdom give,
For better laws that man may live,
Enjoying bounties sent by thee
Eternal, infinite, and free !

Oh, let them, like the chosen band
Of Israel, reap the fruitful land,
When the great kings and furious host
Fought 'gainst the Lord by Merom's coast ;
For Joshua, at the sacred word,
Unsheathed his just and righteous sword,
And Hazor's mighty kingdoms lay
In ruin, on that fatal day !

May party strife and discord cease,
And patriots true unite in peace,
Contending for the nation's weal,
With calm, yet firm, unshaken zeal ;
Nor Faction, with its tongues of flame,
Divert the great, the higher aim,
Nor canker, with insidious blight,
The steady growth of England's right ;
Nor Dogmatism's mere futile show,
The wiser course to overthrow,
Mar and perplex, with language ruth,
The course of Liberty and Truth !
There is a stretch, when baffled hope
No more with tyranny will cope ;
When man's endurance will not bear
The keen and slavish load of care ;
When patience can no more endure,

And Famine scowls upon the poor ;
They will not brook—they will not bow
Beneath the oppressor's ruthless blow,
But like a host to phrensy driven,
The arbitrary link is riven,
Corruption's chain to fragments hurl'd,
And Freedom reigns throughout the world !
I advocate no reckless course,
To drag Oppression down by force ;
But moral Reason's better plan,
To save the priceless blood of man !
I would not that the demon War
Should come, the nation's peace to mar,
And horror spread with scathful fire,
Convulsion, cruelty, and ire,
Winging with its accursed breath,
Charged with the vollied bolts of death.

Insulted shore ! though despot pride
The wearied multitude deride ;
Though hard to bear the oppressive stain,
And painful the corroding chain ;
I would not see fierce ravage soil,
Nor frantic rage the cottage spoil ;
Polluting, with its aspect drear,
The social love of kindred dear,

Their homesteads 'reft, the orphan's sighs;
The widowed matron's tearful eyes,
Lamenting for a husband gone,
With anguished bosom rent and lone ;
Nor shuddering infants cry for aid,
To one in death unconscious laid :
I would not hear the aged one
Bewailing for a slaughtered son—
The sire, with venerable head,
In hapless grief, his fond hope dead ;
All safety lost ! and o'er the land
Destruction wave his flaming brand !

Away ! oh, away, insatiate war !
Where the furies revel in horror afar ;
To thy darksome lair—to thy native hell,
Where thy co-mates of sin and destruction dwell !
Be the trumpet hushed, nor the armed array,
Nor the shrieking rush of dread dismay,
Nor the gleaming steel, nor the blood-stained hand,
Be seen again on the beauteous land !
Nor the verdant field be covered with gore,
Nor the battle shout heard on a christian shore ;
I love not the flash of the booming gun,
Nor heaven's blue veiled by the lurid dun ;
Nor the sight of a flag, nor a soldier's camp,

Nor clang of the steed's fierce martial tramp ;
Nor the hushed repose of the solemn night,
To be broke by the horrent sound of fight ;
For what is the thirst of a monarch's pride ?
And what is dominion rich and wide ?
And what is ambition for pomp and power,
The sceptre, the crown, and regal tower ?
And what is the glitter of courtly state,
The fleeting honours which round it wait,—
Should an empire extend from pole to pole,
If gained with the loss of one human soul ?

Was it ordained in the Almighty plan,
That man should rise 'gainst his fellow man ?
Should rush, with brutish fury in his eye,
And dare God's peaceful mandate to defy ?
Shall he with gleaming falchion fraught with death,
Let out the vital stream and stop the breath ?
Oh, no ! God's sacred image ne'er was made
A mark of vengeance for the reeking blade ;
For His command, on Sinai's mount above,
Was peace to all and universal love.
Oh, when Thou com'st with retributive hand,
And asketh justice for a bleeding land,
Upon whose heads will fall the weight of guilt—
Of human blood, for fell ambition spilt ?

Upon whose heads will fall the awful doom,
For guiltless thousands hurried to the tomb ?

Speak not of that guilty pageant now,
The flaunting plumes on the warrior's brow ;
Or the gaudy blaze of a burnished crest,
Or the glittering star on a chieftain's breast ;
And the crumbling stone of a trophied tomb,
With the symbols of woe and the record of gloom :
For 'twere better to hide with a veil of shame,
Than vaunt of a guilty, inglorious fame !

END OF CANTO II.

P A T R I O T I S M.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Education, its moral and religious influence—The labouring classes addressed—Temperate zeal in political advocacy—The drunkard apostrophised—The anxious wife, her desolate and wretched condition—Midnight—Famished children—Temperance contrasted; its domestic blessings illustrated—Episode, introducing the too prevalent misery of Ireland; its fruitfulness, its indigence—The selfish clergy—The patriarchs of old, their philanthropy; their purity in religious dispensations—The patience and forbearance of the Irish eulogised; their general faith—Orangeism—God's watchfulness over all mankind—Grattan, Charlemont, &c.—Conclusion.

" 'Tis education forms the common mind—
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

POPE.

" Oh, Wisdom ! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace ;
Wisdom ! I bless thy gentle sway."

BARBAULD.

" Let us walk honestly, as in the day ; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying."

ROMANS, Chap. XIII. v. 13.

" Truth shall restore the light to nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven !
Prone to the dust, Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !"

CAMPBELL.

" Ever glorious Grattan ! the best of the good !
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest !
With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd."

LORD BYRON.

" Earl of Charlemont, formed to unite aristocracy and the people, with the manners of a court and the principles of a patriot, with the flame of liberty and the love of order ; unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order ; and cast on the crowd that followed him the gracious light of his own accomplishments, so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person. For years did he preside over a great army without pay or reward, and helped to accomplish a great revolution without a drop of blood."

GRATTAN.

CANTO III.

Ye great of the nation, ye favoured in birth,
Let knowledge go free through the region of earth ;
Instruct, oh ! enlighten with wisdom and truth,
That virtue may beam on the vista of youth.
As when after Winter the fair cultured sod,
Springs rich in its verdurous blessings from God ;
So man, by the light of instruction, may prove
A being more fit for the haven of love.

May sweet instruction ever flow,
And dignify the race below ;
The gentle, salutary plan,
To bless the wayward heart of man ;
Oh, give them learning's chiefest wealth—
The spring of happiness and health,
With higher virtues great and wise,
That moral excellence implies ;
Teach them to read ; its gentle sway
Will urge their ruder thoughts away ;

Their worldly duties learn to scan,
And what is due to fellow man ;
Thus youth to honoured age will roll,
And moral grandeur fill the soul ;
Thus elevate, with grace refined,
The heaven-originated mind !

Ye men of toil, let reason's ray
Control ye through life's erring way,
That judgment may allay your ire,
And manly fortitude inspire ;
Oppression hear your rightful claim,
And shudder at the patriot name ;
Corruption's minions own and feel
How wise, how great your public zeal.

Let wisdom's star illumine the soul,
And win ye from the scathful bowl,
The blight and bane of human life,
The Lethean draught of bitter strife ;
Perverting reason's fount of sense
With baleful, fervid influence ;
Arise, awake, 'ere ruthful shame
Spreads guilt and ruin on your name ;
Oh, cast aside the burning gall
Which holds your earthly peace in thrall ;

Destroying, with a fiendish ban,
The sacred character of man.

Lo ! where the care-worn grieving mate,
The lonely wife, sits desolate ;
No husband's kindness to console
Her much enduring harassed soul,
And on her hand the hectic cheek
Reclines, with anguish worn and meek ;
Yet still, with holy love, is prest
An infant slumbering at her breast,
Unconscious of the tender will
Which fain would keep it free from ill ;
And see, her bosom wrung with pain,
 And hear the smothered, struggling sigh,
 Whilst from the dim dejected eye
The flood of woe descends amain.
'Tis midnight—and the taper's light
Wanes dimly to her aching sight,
And half-fed children's plaintive cries
Draw tears of sorrow from her eyes,
As sleepless, shivering, they weep,
Nor yet refreshed by food or sleep ;
Or scarce a bed whereon to lay,
And wait the unprovided day !

Drunkard ! with sorrow cease to roam,
And greet the yearning hearts at home,
Where fondness sits with humble cheer,
And brightens each succeeding year ;
Where anxious wife and children watch,
And list thee raise the welcome latch ;
Thus watchful round thy hearth, calm Peace
Will glad and comfort thine increase ;
Domestic love soothe life's decline,
And cheerful, pure content be thine !
This is the joy,—let none deride,—
Which blesseth every fireside,
From whence sound moral worth will rise,
And make man happy, great, and wise.

Green Isle of the Sea, where the finger of God
Hath arrayed in rich beauty thy verdurous sod,
As a genial garden, a fair spot of earth,
Where the lovely *Arbutus** springs sweetly to birth ;
And the *Fuchsia*, in Winter, e'en deigns to abide,
To bloom on thy bosom with elegant pride ;
Whilst the gay *Lauristinus** so gentle is seen,
With the Myrtle of Antrim eternally green.

* Familiar plants in the county of Donegal, close upon the northern ocean —
Chambers' Information.

Thou pride of the waters, pure, beautiful lake,
Killarney ! loved Erin is dear for thy sake,
And the red fruits luxuriant that flourish so fair,
Are sweets which abide 'mid thy indigent care,
And bloom as if tilled by a secret hand,
To chide the base Helots who plunder the land.

Thou suffering shore ! whose sons are born
In utter misery and scorn ;
Where blooming youth and blighted age
Drag through a slavish pilgrimage ;
Vilely pent up, from infant birth,
Like captives on the free-made earth ;
And children's children heaped and foiled,
In dark and gloomy ruin moiled—
Starved, spurned, and persecuted Isle !
Without a ray of hope to smile ;
For whose hard fate no balm appears,
But grief “ too deep for human tears,”
Who driven from their place of birth,
Like outcasts, o'er the face of earth,
For scanty hire, toil through our land,
To meet, at home, the harsh demand,
And give (like slaves, more abject, poor,)
The uncertain tenth of all their store !
Lorn, abject Isle, to sorrow left,

Of Heaven's inheritance bereft,
Where God, with providential hand,
Sends special bounty to the land ;
Where despot parsons flech a gain
Which love would scorn and faith disdain ;
Still pressing on the burdened backs
The sordid tithes, rack-rent, and tax,
And hostile bands, to wrest the yoke,
Go sheltered 'neath the pious cloak,

Oh, did the Patriarchs of old,
Pay homage less to God than gold ?
Did they, with avaricious care,
Go forth to mulet the lab'rer's share ?
Did they purloin the layman's right,
With God's great Word before their sight ?
Did they the sacred mission mock,
And strain the vitals of their flock ?
Did they, with grasping, selfish pride,
The wailings of the weak deride,
Cry patience to the baffled poor
When hunger could no more endure ?
Ah, no ! they stood before His face
With pure devotion, truth, and grace,
Rebuked the ruling despot band,
Who spurned the needy of the land,

And held from them the corn and wine
With base and usurious design.
They loved the poor, and faithful trod,
Like Amos, in the path of God.

My soul its praise may well impart,
In tribute to each Irish heart,
Nor spare the fervent reverence due
To patient worth and patriots true,
Who, shorn of every right as now,
Submissive to their yoke did bow ;
An unprotected, harassed race,
Mere "aliens" in their native place ;
A loyal and obedient crew,
Disowned, yet in allegiance true,
With scarce a ray of hope to smile
Upon their sad deserted isle !

What though a different faith or will
May sway ye, all are equal still !
God's holy, ever watchful care,
The universal race doth share ;
Pagan or Christian, to His eye,
Is dear as any 'neath the sky ;
He marks, with infinite control,
Each human heart, each valued soul !

His good and boundless mercies flow,
And grace to all who ask bestow ;
Thus man may live in peace or strife,
And choose eternal death or life !
Then let not fanatics assail,
'Gainst other creeds presume to rail ;
They serve Him best who act sincere,
Have heart devout, and conscience clear !

From thy slumber, oh, Erin ! awake, oh, arise !
And the trammels of dominant priestcraft despise ;
Religion was morally, blessedly given,
And free unto man as the incense of heaven !
Let your worship to God be consistent and pure,
Nor gorgeous display the true spirit allure ;
For the dictates of Christ, in humility meek,
Shew the path to salvation,—the glory ye seek !

Shun Faction, and its venal knaves ;
Be not of bigotry the slaves ;
Nor with insurgents stain the sod
With bloodshed, in the name of God,
Who rush atrocious on their prey,
Like bandits 'fore the eye of day,
And in the guise of liberty,
Plunder and persecute the free !

Let milder measures be your guide,
And public principle preside ;
Nor violate, with vicious hand,
The social splendour of the land !

Proud nobles of Erin ! extorters of spoil !
Who wring from the peasant the profit of toil ;
Oh, return to your homes,—let charity flow,
And rescue your country from fetters and woe !
Return to your island ! and nourish the blood
Which error and suffering have calmly withstood ;
Then safety and peace will enliven its hearth,
And discord will fly from the place of your birth ;
Nor leave them a wretched, an indigent band,
A desolate race on a freedomless land !

Oh, that the selfish, landed train
Might hear thy Grattan speak again !
Whose voice was like a scorching flame,
And tyrants trembled at his name !
He pleaded, like a patriot brave,
For justice to each Irish slave !
For freedom, with his latest breath,
And ceased not 'till he sank in death !
Or Charlemont,* who strove with might

* Earl Charlemont, once governor of Armagh.

For Erin's liberty and right ;
Who fought (though gloriously) in vain,
And drooped beneath perversion's reign,
But freedom's flag raised, ere he fell,
On Erin's shattered citadel !

Hibernia ! over mount and vale,
May justice, peace, and love prevail ;
May Mammon-worshippers no more
Corrupt, with avarice, thy shore ;
Nor decimation's iron hand
Touch, as a curse, thy fruitful land !

END OF CANTO III.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

“ Away, then, with the dagger and the pike, ere you become brigands and outlaws !
Turn from those who are hallooing you on to havock ! Let your dreams of rapine be
dispelled ! and the proud ones of the land shall soon know that you are more nobly
proud than themselves.”—SAMUEL BARNFORD.

Theme of my soul, farewell ! whate'er thy fate,
I have essayed,—what though with feeble hand,
Yet impulse strong,—to sing thy fallen state,
My great, yet humbled, persecuted land ;
Nor looked with apathy on any strand !
My fervent hope and wish is that the world
Should live in amity—a Christain band ;
Pride and oppression from the earth be hurl'd,
And Justice wave her flag in triumph o'er the world !

To see corruption banished from the earth,
And still'd the rancorous, mercenary tongue
Of venal demagogues,—promote the birth
Of moral principles amongst the throng,

For final blessedness !—to turn from wrong
The poor deluded, unsuspecting wight,
Too prone, with guileless heart, to mix among
Sedition's myrmidons with insidious blight,
And ever jarring voice to thwart the cause of right !

If, in the search for this desired end,
My pleadings should have touched one gracious mind,
Or gained, for freedom's sake, one patriot friend,
I have not writ in vain—for ills which bind,
Like captive slaves, the race of humankind,
Are philanthropic cares, which for the poor
Demand strong aid and sympathy combined,
To mitigate the sufferings they endure,
And soothe the woes of life with motives ever pure !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MY WIFE.

“ That mother’s love !—how sweet the name !
What was that mother’s love ?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What theme more just may swell the poet’s pride,
Than joys which bless a sweet domestic life ?
And therefore unto thee, my constant wife,
This meed I bring, though some the feeling chide,
For we have passed some ten years now—have shared
The stern and ruffling gales of worldly strife,
As fleet we’ve voyaged on its ocean wide ;
Yet have we comforts in God’s mercy spared,
And honied links our anxious eyes to greet—
The pleasures of our children—young and fair !
Have we not rapture in their voices sweet,
And sacred hope when low they lisp in prayer ?
Oh, may our home, then, as a garden be,
And thou the fountain of its sweets to me !

THE DEATH OF ANTIOCHUS, KING OF SYRIA.

A.M. 3840.—B.C. 164.

“ Advancing in this disposition towards Babylonia, which was in his way, fresh expresses came to him, with advices of Lysias’s defeat, and also that the Jews had retaken the temple, thrown down the altars and idols which he had set up in them, and re-established their ancient worship. At this news his fury increased. Immediately he commands his coachman to drive with the utmost speed, in order that he might sooner have an opportunity of satiating his vengeance ; threatening to make Jerusalem the burying place of the whole Jewish nation, and not to leave one single inhabitant in it. He had scarce uttered that blasphemous expression, when he was struck by the hand of God. Worms crawled from every part of him ; his flesh fell away piecemeal : and the stench was so great, that it became intolerable to the whole army.”—ROLLIN.

With chariots and horsemen, with vengeance and sword,
Antiochus fought ’gainst the host of the Lord ;
’Gainst the God of Judea—the mighty alone,
And polluted his temples with idols of stone !

On the Hebrews he rushed like a beast from its lair,
And thousands were doomed at the altar of prayer ;
Jerusalem was strown like a red battle plain
With the martyrs of God—with the blood of the slain !

He issued a mandate with tyranny rife,
And charged with profaneness, destruction, and life,
That Judah should scorn the pure mission from high
And bend in idolatrous worship—or die !

And Eleazer, the holy, the spotless, was there,
In his reverent age, with the hoar on his hair,
But with faith and in trust unto God gave his breath,
And bravely endured the fierce tortures of death !

And the brothers of Judah,* the virtuous seven,
Kept holy the laws which their fathers had given ;
But the tyrant, regardless of infancy's years,
And the prayers of a mother in anguish and tears—

Oh, dauntless they bowed to the mighty king's hate,
For the armour of truth was their shield against fate ;
Like slaves they were dragged from her gentle side,
And like brutes they were torn, yet true martyrs they died !

Still onward he went, his dread warfare to wage,
With a curse on his tongue—in the transport of rage,
Like a demon he rushed with the yet reeking sword,
And dreadful his vow 'gainst the host of the Lord !

* Seven brothers, who were brutally tortured, and sacrificed in the presence of their mother, at the command of the king.

But vengeance o'erspread him with terrible wing,
For the Mighty in battle encompassed the king,
And smote him with ruin, confusion, and shame,
Who dared to defy the Omnipotent name !

And the sword of rebellion was hurled to the ground,
And the chieftains and warriors were scattered around ;
For the corse of the king, at Jehovah's decree,
Lay withered in dust,—and Jerusalem was free !

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO WHALLEY ABBEY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HENRY W. POTTER.

Thou ancient temple of six hundred years !
Hoary with age, and in stern ruin grand,
Thy mossy-mantled arches proudly stand
Like monumental fanes which fate reveres ;
No pompous mass—nor monk nor vestal prayer,
Breaks, as of yore, upon thy calm repose,
For on the mould'ring walls, where ivy grows,
The day-scared owlet finds its gloomy lair.—
A solemn awe pervades the sacred ground ;
The crumbled cloisters, and each hallowed bed,
The verdant sepulchre, where sleep the dead,
Give a dread silence to the scene around !
Save 'neath thy walls, the Calder wends along,
Singing of man's frail lot, and Time's triumphant song !

SUNRISE IN SPRING.

The shadow of night from the east hath rolled,
Now the Sun comes forth on his throne of gold !
And around his heavenly pathway bright,
Like an ocean appear vast gleams of light ;
And tracks of purple and azure are seen,
As a glorious land in the far serene ;
And shapes are there like a citadel rent,
With rampart, and tower, and battlement !
Now the hills, which were lately cold and dun,
Are fringed with the glare of the burning sun ;
And the dew appears to nourish the birth,
And moisten the shoots of the drougthy earth.
A freshness comes with the blushes of morn,
Like a zephyr with fragrant riches borne ;
And the trees, which drooped as a maiden grieves,
Now quiver and flutter their myriad leaves,
And seem to rejoice in a matin lay,
Which floateth aloft to the Giver of day !

Behold, in the sun-lit meadow and glade,
A glittering gem on the verdant blade ;
And purely bright is each dewy head,
Like an orient pearl on an emerald bed !
The birds are awake, and on rapturous wing
Are greeting the morn,—and the budding Spring ;
And the lark is up with its trilling lyre,
Like a messenger sent from the feathered choir ;
To soar unseen 'neath the temple of God—
And utter their thanks from the tree and sod !
What a lesson for man, of praise and love,
To the Essence of glory and goodness above !

THE FRAILITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

“ But there’s a world to light and love assigned,
A fadeless day for the undying mind ! ”

CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, mortal life ! when fading health and fears
Awake with awe the history of the past !
And death’s unmerring doom approaches fast,
Thy roll subduing Time too short appears :
Yet why, dread Death, if in the soul divine
Is fixed th’ eternal precepts from above,
Which Christ revealed to man with martyred love,
And blest redemption brought with grace benign ?
Then, as we wend through life, oh, Youth and Age,
May virtue deck the path our footsteps guide ;
And let the cross whereon the Saviour died
Point to the haven of our pilgrimage :
Then perish fear ! away with worldly gloom !
What victory then hath death ?—what terror hath the tomb ?

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

“ All merciful ! the fate, the day, were thine ;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea ;
Thy love too deep, thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thee.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale !
If their feet failed them, in Thy paths they trod ;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm away from God.”

THE AUTHOR OF ECCLESIA.

Where art Thou not ? Oh, on this waste of sand
Thy voice like anger speaks from out the deep ! Thy hand
Is seen ; and with the dreadful rage around,
The soul is filled with awe, and wonderment profound !

The hallowed breast of Nature speaks of Thee !
Thy word calls up the ever glorious sea ;
Thy power controls the splendid orbs of night,
Or veils their beams remote, with day's transcendent light !

There's not a breathing form in air or sea
But owes its living principle to Thee !
Antres of earth, and mountains in mid air,
Proclaim, with awful face, the Deity is there !

What are we in thine hand ? Thou gav'st us breath,
And in a stroke may summon us to death ;
Or who may tell, such is thy sov'reign power,
The changes time may bring 'ere flits the coming hour.

Behold above ! the heavenly, boundless dome
Is veiled and black—a dense and fearful gloom ;
Whilst rushing blasts above the ocean bleak,
With dread uprolling sound upon the tempest shriek.

Like leaping Alps upon the distant verge,
Gleam giant billows and the crested surge ;
And dreadful heaving to the silent shore,
Fierce battling waves, with wind, in mingled thunder roar.

Yon lonely vessel, wind-prest, rent, and frail,
Struggles in vain against the howling gale ;
Dashed 'gainst the cliff, her quivering beams divide,
And o'er warm throbbing hearts the maddened torrents ride !

A shrill, portentous voice is heard ! Oh, hark,
The cry of death borne from that fragile bark !
It is a mother's shriek, with terror wild,
And in her outstretched hands she bears her helpless child !

A sire and son upon the waves are cast,
Who stood erewhile in woe, not long to last !
Ah! who may tell his grief, or paint his care,
As down they sank within the melancholy lair !

Some with distracted look for succour cried ;
Some strove in vain against th' impetuous tide,
Or in the shrouds prolonged their little stay ;
Some on the rafts were seen awhile—but where are they ?

Where are they ? But now, who shuddering stood,
With conscious doom, beside the furious flood ?
Didst Thou in mercy call them from the strife,
When Faith's bright wings were plumed for everlasting life ?

Didst Thou go down into the hideous caves,
To shroud their corpses in the oozy graves ?
And were their spirits from the briny sea
Called evermore to dwell in blissful rest with Thee ?

Oh, let us hope it was thy mercy's will
To snatch them from the chance of future ill ;
And teach our hearts Sin's 'luring path to see,
Nor live in vicious thrall, unworthy Heaven and Thee !

TO THE INFANT SAPPHO.

Sweet child of song, of rare and gifted birth !

What charms lie hid within thine infant soul,

Soothing the feelings with a mild control !

Thou seem'st a blissful visitant on earth !

Oh ! hath the melody of spirit, given

To her whose lyre is on the cypress hung,—

The Lesbian maid, who wept before she sung,—

Hath her bright soul descended from the heaven ?

Or art thou from the pure Aonian hill

Come down to sanctify mankind with love ?

Or touched with sacred rapture from above,

With looks that captivate, and tones that thrill ?

May peace enfold thee, fair and gracious thing !

Loved cherub upon earth, without its wing !

SONNET.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

Creative power ! whose garden of the earth,
With blooming vallies and delightful fields,
Abundant produce for thy children yields ;
Perennial fruits for all spring into birth.
Thy people, Lord, are grieved—for the stern hand
Of rank oppression holds the living grain !
Whilst foodless sufferers cry for help in vain,
And haggard Want is brooding o'er the land !
Ye ministers of God with sacred zeal,
Who plead in Christian spirit for the poor,
Like Nehemiah in the days of yore,
Oh may your prayers to tyranny appeal !
Then heaven's rich gifts will flow, ye fervent throng,
And blessings on your work be breathed from every tongue !

ON MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN DURING A TEMPORARY ABSCENCE WITH,
AND ADDRESSED TO, ITS MOTHER.

“Lamb of the world’s extended fold !”

BYRON.

Oh, where is it now, our last dear pledge,—
As an infant bond of affection given,
The spell that unites our hearts and souls,
And gives us a glimpse of the pure in heaven,
Whence it was sent, like a seraph bland,
As a blissful boon from a mighty hand ?

I hear no sound of an infant voice,
Nor the dawning word, nor the cheerful lay ;
And I feel not the touch of its gentle hand,
Nor the fond caresses at early day ;
And I see not the brow, like the snowdrop fair,
Nor the silken locks of its sunny hair.

Oh, where is it now, earth's dearest tie,
My bud of hope, which in loveliness grows,
And beauty enrobing its face, that would vie
With the sweetness and hue of the lily and rose ;
Or a fragrant plant,—fair, tender, and bright,—
Enchanting my senses, and blessing my sight ?

I miss it at noon, for I hear not the trill
From its artless lips my coming to greet,
When fondness looks out from its bright blue eyes,
And gladness is heard in the sound of its feet ;
As a playful fawn or a frolicsome lamb
Would speed with sportive glee to its dam !

Oh, where is it now—is it on thy knee,
Shedding joy around like a gentle dove ?
Doth it linger with fondness o'er thy face,
And hang on thy lips with the kiss of love ?
Is it soothed at thy breast, my beautiful child,
Like an angel of God with innocence mild ?

There let it repose, whilst the bright glow of health
Contrasts with a bosom, pure as the snow,
Which pants with devoted emotion and love,
That would keep it from guile and sorrow below,
And watch it with holy, maternal care
And commend it to Mercy's throne in prayer !

There let it repose, and dream of the rills
Which flow from the first warm fountain of life,
When pressed with ineffable love and delight,
And raptures play over thy features, my wife !
A thousand glad thoughts thy pleasure bespeak,
Whilst animate joy is suffusing thy cheek !

Glad was I to see, when, with cheerful heart,
Contented it sat to the humble meal,
And my thoughts to the Giver of all went forth
In thankfulness deeper than tongue may reveal ;
I deem that a sire hath a blessing profound,
In the comfort and health of children around !

I lov'd to watch when calmly it slept,
And its brow unshaded with grief or care,
And felt as I bent o'er its tranquil face,
The pride which only a father can share,—
And have hoped its earthly path may be trod
Through virtue and faith up to heaven and God !

May His blessing attend thee, gentle child,
Guard and direct thee through life's wayward time,
That wisdom and grace may bloom on thy path,
Through the spring of thy days to womanhood's prime ;
Then pure and free as an angel of love,
Thy soul to return to its essence above !

Yes, even as now, my fair child, may'st thou be,
As spotless from sin, as untainted with strife,
And a halo shed over thy parent's name,
With faith and love through the journey of life ;
Triumphant at last, may'st thou fly to that shore
Where the souls of the just are at rest evermore !

TO JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Poet of nature, and of deathless fame !

Who, nursed in humble and in adverse state,

Repined not at the ruthless hand of fate,

But touched with skill the lyre, and won a name !

The verdant earth—the studded throne above—

The flowery vale—the mute, unchanging hill—

Are pure and glorious images that fill

Thy soul with truth and God-adoring love.

Long may'st thou live in vigorous thoughts to shine

Through many pleasing, patriotic lays,

Winning new honours, and far brighter days,

From the sweet fount of poesy divine !

And oh ! may prudence, grace, and love sincere,

Crown with eternal peace thy radiant journey here !

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

“ That lip hath breathed no truth to me,
And mine shall cease to speak of thee.”

J. C. PRINCE.

“ Weeks sped their flight, and left a trace,
A withering touch on one young face.”

MRS. ANN HAWKSHAW.

Remind me not of vanished days,
When thou wert but a tender child,
And clung unto thy mother's side,
With loving eyes and accents mild !

Remind me not of that dark hour
When thou wert left an infant lone—
When shame spread ruin o'er our hearth,
And peace and joy were overthrown !

Remind me not, oh ! who may tell
The grief of that unhallowed stain
Which thou wilt feel, robbed of that hope
Which life, alas, can ne'er regain !

Away,—for mem'ry would quench
Thoughts of that hour, which haunts me now,
Which runs like madness through my brain,
And leaves a dew upon my brow.

Will not the thought of former years,—
Lost love—lost peace—lost hope—lost joy—
Flash with reproach upon her mind,
Nor move thy mother's soul,—my boy ?

Oh ! in her lone and quiet hour,
When sleepless, guilty musings wake,
What horror may not be revealed,
My hapless one, for thy sweet sake !

Be thou, my son, like Samuel,
Elkanah's favoured, God-like child,
That holy truth and wisdom's ray
May keep life's passage undefiled.

Then He whose mighty wings o'erspread
Each orb remote—each distant pole—
Will watch thee with his hallowed care,
And shed his grace upon thy soul.

Remind me not ! that injured hour !
My will would purer thoughts employ—
To guard thee with paternal love,
My fond—my dear forsaken boy !

TO JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

AUTHOR OF " RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY," AND " A VOICE FROM THE TOWN."

REPLICATORY TO A SONNET, ADDRESSED BY HIM
TO THE AUTHOR.

No futile praise, nor adulation vain,
With florid rhyme and pompous verse, I bring ;
Yet not of thee with listless mind I'd sing,
But soul responsive to thy gentle strain !
Let them who grateful intercourse deride
Ignobly live in apathy apart,
Nor know that genial feeling of the heart
Which bindeth us in sympathy and pride !
For thou hast lent me many a raptured hour,
And oft, in language thrilling and refined,
Hast calmed the froward passions of my mind,
With thoughts enriched by Poesy's blest power.
Fain would I, then, with faithful zeal entwine
Thy honoured name, my friend, with this fond wreath of mine !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

“ The scene is changed ! my brow is touched by care,
The glow of youth no more is on my cheek,
And troubled years have thinned my flowing hair,
Whilst my heart swells with thoughts I cannot speak.”

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Departed relics, still to memory dear,
I come, a lonely pilgrim, to your bed,
And down my cheek descends the saddened tear,
In mournful thought of ye,—unconscious dead !

A husband fond,—a kind and virtuous sire,
Who bore, like Job, affliction's fatal hand ;
Yet patient walked with God, in meek attire,
Trusting through faith within his court to stand.

With steadfast love, with calm and pious breath,
Right onward he the path to glory trod,
And blenched not 'fore the messenger of Death,
But in expiring words gave praise to God !

Next was a baby,—sister, like a flower
Too fair, and, ah ! too delicate to last ;
Fluttered awhile her sweet and tender hour,
Sip'd of the cup of life—then shrunk and past !

One was an infant boy, who bloomed awhile,
Stopped but to win us with his lisping tongue,
Then died !—without a spot, or stain, or guile—
Plumed his young wings to join the blessed throng !

Another, in the spring of time his years,
A lovely, innocent, and faithful boy,
Who soothed his mother with affection's tears,
And held sweet promise for her future joy.

When Death appeared with stern, impetuous hate,
And snatched away her dear, adoring child,
Ah ! she, not dreaming of his happier fate,
Grieved in her blighted hope with sorrow wild !

One in dear manhood's stage, with studious face,
Who bore a painful, melancholy doom ;
Called in the dawning of his mental grace,
In Heaven's ethereal paradise to bloom !

Then the last tendril of the mother's bower,
The only rose and idol of her heart,
Who clung to her with soft endearing power,
A painful love, alas, too soon to part !

Too great the loss ! for on the mother's cheek
Corroding grief for ever did abide ;
For she was left, a widowed matron weak,
'Reft of her last companion and her pride !

Like Niobe, she grieved from day to day ;
The vital cord was rent—she slowly sank—
And Death, unpitying, with insatiate prey,
'Mid gentle sleep, her ebbing life-stream drank !

A SUMMER EVENING IN JULY.

“ Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rose brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

MILTON.

The Sun hath declined, and the dome on high
Spans the earth like a gorgeous canopy ;
But a light round his glorious orbit gleams,
And a myriad clouds are tipped with his beams!
Small dappled flakes, from the crimson west,
Are stretching afar to the deep blue east ;
Whilst sapphire, and amber, and purple, glow
In splendour around the eternal bow !
Oh ! they look like down from a cygnet's wing,
And a blessed thought to the spirit bring—

Of peaceful bliss to the contrite soul,
When freed from the gyves of this earthly goal !
Reposing away in the southern sphere,
Broad shadowy clouds in the mist appear,
Like a glimpse of night from a brighter scene,
Or a gloomy thought to a mind serene.
Now a quivering flash from the troubled lair
Cleaves its dazzling course through the murky air ;
And the deep, long sound of the thunder boom
Is passing away in the lurid gloom !
In the northern arch hangs a misty grey,
Awaiting to hail the returning day,
As a yearning soul would greet the bliss
Of undying rest from a world like this !
Now the moon looks down from her heavenly place,
With the solemn calm of an angel's face,
Like a blessed minister sent from God
To soothe mankind on the lowly sod ;
And her train of silvery clouds appear
Like magic isles from a happier sphere !
Strange shapes and hues, now drifted and rent,
Bestrew the ethereal firmament.
Lo ! the star of eve, like a glittering gem,
Shines afar in the radiant diadem !
A stillness and calm, soft, peaceful, and grand,
Give a beauty to earth, like enchanted land ;

Nor sound of human voice, nor bird
From cottage or nestling vale, is heard,
Save the lofty trees' Æolian lay,
Like a vesper-hymn to departed day !
Oh ! 'tis sweet to walk in the hallowed light,
When glory and loveliness gladden the night,
And a halo reigns, that the skies above
Seem to greet the world with a smile of love !

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

With majesty divine, the ambient night,
In solemn splendour to the earth appears,
And on the vault hang hosts of fulgent spheres,
Keeping their holy vigils of true light !
Lo ! 'neath the height of the empyrean dome,
The "moon of harvest, like a mighty shield,"
Sheds her mild beams upon the sunburnt field,
And looks benignant on the yellow grain.
Oh, ever welcome herald ! sweet and bland,
Bringer of blessings for the weal of man ;
That still the God of Nature deigns to scan,
With mercy great, the broad and fruitful land ;
A blessed glory to the earth seems given,
And like a smile divine descends a glimpse of heaven !

ANTITHESIS TO THE FOREGOING.

MAN'S SELFISHNESS.

And yet, regardless of thy mercy, Lord,
 Unchanging goodness—everlasting cares,
 Man, sordid man, with hateful passion dares
To violate, with conscious sin, thy word,
And lay upon thy fertile soil, oh, God !
 Impious hands to cramp the needy poor ;
 Cursing the joyless labours they endure,
And hoarding the rich produce of the soil
To rottenness ! Oh, selfishness and shame !
 Oh, black injustice ! when, humbled, will they know
 The reverence due to kindred souls below,
Nor shrink at thought of vengeance in Thy name !
 How long shall man, with daring avarice blind,
Contemn thy will divine, and brutalize his kind ?

THE MAID OF DISS.*

Fair maid of Diss ! with dark brown hair,
That o'er a stainless bosom streams,
And pensive eyes which touch the soul,
And win the heart with gentle gleams ;
Oh, peerless maid, though lovers false
May wound thy breast with guileful kiss,
Let moral worth and virtue rare
Adorn thee still, sweet maid of Diss !

Fair maid of Diss ! from whose dear face
The mind's emotion calmly beams,
And modest guise, with comely pride,
The nobler graces well beseems ;
May radiant peace and lasting joy
Bestrew as flowers thy path of bliss,
And pure requited love be thine—
For ever thine, fair maid of Diss !

* Diss, a town in Norfolk.

Farewell, sweet maid ! 'tis fate's decree
That thou must quit our much-loved shore ;
Fond memory will picture still
Thine image, though we meet no more ;
And hope and love will fondly wake
To wish thee happy years of bliss—
Still happier if connubial joys
Should bless thee, graceful maid of Diss !

THE FAITHLESS MOTHER.

Hast thou the feeling, thought, or yearning care,
That dwell with fondness in a mother's breast ?
The sweet solicitude—the placid rest—
Which mother's constant in their troth must share ?
How runs thy blood, how thrills thy faithless soul,
When he, thy 'reft one—he, thine only child—
Stands 'fore thy mental eye, with anguish wild,
And silent grieves, when thou can'st not console ?
Oh ! may'st thou never feel the depth of woe,
The desolation, which 'twas mine to cope,
And mine alone to bear—for soothing hope
Fled with thy guilt—with guilt my peace below ;
Still, still in my mind, the record of that day
Shall live 'till Death may call this tenement of clay !

EPITHALAMIUM.

TO MRS. JOHN APPLEBY, THESE STANZAS ARE WITH SINCERITY
INSCRIBED.

Young maiden, 'tis thy nuptial morn,
And Spring is rife with flowers new born ;
Oh ! may their fragrant beauty be
A type of wedded sweets to thee !

Dear maiden, on thy bridal day,
Graced with the verdant lap of May,
I hail the blissful time, and bring
A glad and fervent offering !

Around thy home may love increase
In sweet communion with peace,
Still hold, as now, with holy rest,
Their gentle influence o'er thy breast !

TO FREDERICK WARREN,*

Who, with the REV. J. W. MASSIE, so feelingly and eloquently addressed
SIR ROBERT PEEL, on behalf of the suffering poor, at the Treasury, Downing Street,
London, Feb. 19, 1842.

When war, with brandished spears and deathful flame,
To glut ambition, tramples on our right,
The hero who would Freedom's battle fight
Our thanks—our praise—and gratitude should claim ;
But he who rises from the lowly throng—
Who dares with solemn dignity to stand
Before the civil chieftain of the land,
And ask for Justice with a godly tongue—
He who, with Roman eloquence, dare plead
The cause of grieving millions ! and crave
For untaxed bread, the famished poor to save—
Deserves our prayer for sympathy indeed !
That God His gracious mercy would extend,
And for our nation's weal, preserve so great a friend !

* I read Mr. Warren's interview with Sir R. Peel, with mingled feelings of pleasure and emotion,—a circumstance without parallel in English annals, and a memorial of his worth as a patriot, unfading and everlasting.

THE BLIND MENDICANT AND HIS DOG.

With long hoary locks drooping over his face,
Where Want's blighting touch hath left deeply its trace,
The grief fallen eye, and the pale furrowed cheek,
His record of woe, in sad eloquence speak !

In faltering accents he makes his appeal,
With looks more expressive than tongue can reveal ;
But strangers pass by him with feelings unkind,
And deaf to the voice of the stricken and blind !

With no kindred friend, his drear darkness to guide,
Save a poor hungered dog that still clings to his side,
And leading him meekly, protects him from ill,
His faithful and gentle companion still !

Though scorned, neglected, and spurned from each door,
He eyes him with pity,—still loves him the more ;
Meek, patient, and fond, to his trust most inclined,
The guardian true of the indigent blind !

O'er his palsied head eighty winters have run,
His eyes never gazed on the light of the sun ;
Sad, helpless, and hapless, the worn beggar bends,
For food upon Charity's bounty depends !

No partner hath he, sinking nature to bless,
No children to aid him, to soothe or caress ;
He wanders forlorn, common refuge to find,
Like an outcast on earth, faint, stricken, and blind !

TO JONATHAN KERSHAW.

What tribute unto thee shall meet be penned,
Who, through the vista of eventful years,
Thou still unchanged, with ardent soul appears,
My fervent, honoured, and unshaken friend?
Would'st thou have grateful feeling, like to thine,
A heart responsive to pure Friendship's flame,
And for life's cares a sympathy the same?
Behold it then, within this verse of mine!
Wherein, as earnest for a future day,
I breathe my fervent wishes that thy life
May ever be with joyful blessings rife,
To cheer thee through the vale of age away!
Calmly go down, untouched by blighting care,
And to the end, as now, thy warm communings share!

A VISION.

“ And lives for man this home—this deathless crown ?
Bow to the ground, my soul, in worship down ! ”

CHARLES SWAIN.

My labours were o'er, when, with care opprest,
I sank, with fatigue, to repose and rest,
And in a vision, with rapturous pleasure bright,
Was borne through a realm of beauty and light !
From the earth, on pinions of air, I flew,
'Till it seemed but a misty sphere to my view,
And my ravished eyes greeted the boundless blue.
And, lo ! what a scene beneath me there lay,
As the burnished clouds were passing away,
Dispelled by the rays, resplendent and bright,
From the source and glory of life and light !

The tints of the Iris contrasted below
With the mountains aloft of gleaming snow ;
Whilst stretching, remote, o'er the wide domain
Lay ruby paths 'neath a sapphirine plane ;
And cloudlets, with golden lining, on high,
Were streaking the verge of the morning sky !
But afar from this scene away I wend,
And nearer the cerulean gate ascend ;
Where a myriad planets, of radiant glow,
Were circling around the etherial bow ;
Till higher and brighter, in ecstasy lost
With the deep array of the heavenly host !

Whilst thus in amazement, my aërial guide
Broke the silence and awe, and thus applied :—
“ These mighty worlds in the ample expanse,
Which touch with delight thy wondering glance,
Are peopled with beings of mortal birth,
Like they who inhabit the nether earth ;
But purer in soul, and to them is given
A nearer range to the palace of heaven ;
They broke not the law since creation began,
Which God, in his love, entrusted to man !
No sin have they, nor no fall to reclaim,—
No martyred Christ on the tree of shame ;
They dwell in a realm of unfading light,

Unharassed by care, untainted with blight ;
The horror of Death and the grave is unknown,
And they yearn for the flight to a happier home !
But, mortal (again spake my ærial guest),
Ascend with me to a happier feast ;
I'll lead thee still up to a holier scene,
Where the radiant seraphs of God are seen,
To greet thine eyes with the essence of love,
Which the Deity formed for the blessed above !"
And he sprang away, through the deep abyss,
Till dazzled with light from the fount of bliss,
And he folded his broad and argent wings,
 For the glory of heaven was opening bright,
 With eternal domes of splendour and light !
And the sound of the lyres, with thrilling strings,
Resounded afar—whilst the sacred quire
Arrayed the heavens, still higher and higher,
Like arches divine ! till the holy host—
With glory too vivid—were veiled and lost ;
But still more intense was the high abode
Of the hierarchy round the presence of God,
Where, bathed as in glory transcendently bright,
The patriarchs stood in their robes of light !
The flash of their wings was like quivering gold,
Whilst silver and pearl lay in gorgeous fold,
In canopy brighter than beams of the sun ;

The seraphs appeared of the Mighty One ;
Whilst holiest praise in sweet rapture sent
Its incessant swell through the firmament !
When thus spake my guide, with benignant grace,
Unveiling the splendour that hid his face :—
“ This home of rest’s for the blessed of earth,
Who live in the faith of a Saviour’s birth !”
And the blissful thought my rev’ry awoke,
As morn through my humble casement broke !

ON THE DEATH OF
THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH, ESQ.

“ Yet, swift-hunter, couldst not give
Summons ere the heart was stricken ?
Grave, that on death's prey dost live,
Could thy hungry silence quicken
Into no foreboding knell,
Ere the unconscious victim fell ?

MISS JEWSBURY.

How stern thy summons, oh, insatiate Death !
We feel aghast, and quiver at the thought—
The aching breast with deepest woe is fraught,
For thou hath instant quench'd a priceless breath !
Yet wert thou kind,—though fleet thy footsteps trod
With awful haste upon thy victim young ;
When from the bow thy potent arrow sprung,
And smote him near the altar of his God !
How blest a place !—Alas, the task is vain
To speak his virtues, or his praise to sing,—
More than his worth and gracious deeds may bring—
Or glad would soar my “tributary strain.”
Oh, he hath gained a bright, a deathless day,
And reigns in triumph o'er this perishable clay !

ON THE BIRTH OF MY INFANT SON.

“ A child is born ! another claims my care,
And comes my sorrows and my joys to share.”

J. B. ROGERSON.

Thou little stranger on the earth,
I hail with pride thy perfect birth ;
Sweet boon of purest love from heaven,
In sacred, hallowed mercy given !

Pure as the morning's opening grace,
With pleasing, pensive, thoughtful face,
Oh, may'st thou prove, my fair-haired boy,
A herald of my future joy !

Through life, and unto life's decay,
May virtue light thy earthly way ;
Redeemed, through Christ, who died to save,
Return to God the soul he gave !

VERNAL SONNET.

“ God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day’s unvarying blaze,
Or evening’s golden shower of light.”

PEABODY, *an American Poet.*

A quiet grandeur rests upon the night !
The twinkling host of stars, and the young moon,
Look forth, as in a summer eve in June,
With solemn glory, beautiful and bright !
The trees again with vigorous sap are rife,
Waiting, with swollen buds, the vernal sun ;
For Nature’s wondrous power hath now begun
To clothe their branches with regenerate life :
The earth, prolific, yields its thousand dyes—
The wallflower, violet, and primrose pale,
Blending their fragrance with the passing gale,
Look up as though in praise upon the skies ;
Whilst Man, with love imbued, turns from the sod,
Feeling within his soul the thrilling touch of God !

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF
BURNS.

Though thy Poet, thy Minstrel, Calédon, be fled,
Yet the tones he awakened will never be dead !
But the harp which he touched, in sweet cadences still,
Shall echo in song over valley and hill !

No more will the Nith, or the bright “Bonny Doon,”
Blend their silvery lays with his pastoral tune,
Or reflect on their bosoms of sweetness and grace
The fervour and form of his eloquent face !

O'er the dark silent bed where his cold ashes sleep—
The kindred in heart will in sympathy weep,
And recall with fond homage the soul-thrilling lays
Which mingled in love with his dear native braes !

Though we mourn, beloved Scotia, thy bard now at rest,
In a realm where the soul is eternally blest ;
Yet long shall the strain which his rapture awoke
Resound, though the strings of his lyre may be broke !

SABBATH MORN.

“Blest Sabbath time ! on life’s tempestuous ocean,
The poor man’s only haven of repose.”

J. C. PRINCE.

’Tis early Sabbath morn, and nature wears
Her quiet grandeur and her holy vest ;
The busy tumult of the world’s at rest—
The man of toil hath laid aside his cares !
How pleasing, now, to view the verdant sod—
The balmy flowers in varied grace arrayed,
And list the pinioned warblers in the glade,
Hymning their matin praise to nature’s God !
And now the fervent few, in neat attire,
To village chapel wend their thoughtful way,
To lift their voices to the tuneful quire,
And meekly with devoted feelings pray.
But ’neath thy glorious dome, with soul sincere,
I ask thy blessing, Lord, upon thine altar here !

SONG OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

(FOR MUSIC.)

TO RICHARD COBDEN, Esq., M.P.,

(In testimony of his eloquent advocacy, and unflinching zeal in promulgating the principles of the Great National League,) this song is inscribed.

For the country and commerce, let each as a man
Stand forward for justice with patriot zeal—
Ere your freedom be lost, oh ! arise whilst you can,
And blaze through the nation the wrongs which you feel !

CHORUS.

Arise, kindred bondsmen, and throw off the yoke,
Oh, crush to the dust rank oppression and thrall !
Arise ! and your watchword of liberty be—
Your country—the League—and monopoly's fall !

Arise, in the name of your fathers ! arise !

Let the standard of freedom triumphantly wave,
For the God of creation sent bread from the skies
For the comfort of man—not to eat as a slave !

Arise, &c.

For your children awake ! who in bondage must share
The oppression 'neath which ye, alas ! have been born,
Then for their sakes arise ! nor ingloriously bear
The pollution of mercy—the tax upon corn !

Arise, &c.

Is there one who loves England, our once happy shore,
Whose spirit can sleep, with her fetters unriven ?
Awake—oh, awake ! that the mighty no more
May barter for mammon the bounty of Heaven !

Arise, &c.

Can ye live—would ye die—when the time is at hand
That may shiver your thralldom or doom ye as slaves ?
Arise ! or your offspring will grieve through the land,
And the tears of their suffering be shed on your graves !

Arise, &c.

SONNET.

TO MISS WOOLGAR, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

'Tis not the sparkling glance of lovely eyes,
The pearly cheek, the light entrancing face,
Or form, and smile, of elegance and grace—
Ah, 'tis not these alone which we may prize !
But thou hast purer charms, young guileless maid,—
(As harmony may swell with pleasing sound,
But in the soul true melody is found,)
High mental worth, in beauty's mould arrayed !
Oh, may'st thou live 'mid histrionic fame
To dignify our modern stage, and be
Like Smithson, pure, and gentle Ellen Tree,
That honour, glory, may enshrine thy name !
May love and peace, blest spirits, guide thy way,
And virtue light thee to unfading day !

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

(A SABBATH MUSING.)

“ Lo, yonder the living splendours play !”

BRYANT.

From the pent-up room, again, with willing feet
And yearning soul, my favourite path I strayed,
Right glad the ample breast again to greet,
Of Nature, in delicious bloom arrayed ;
Once more to breathe the sweet, once more to stand
Beneath thy azure throne, Lord of the beauteous land !

The smiling glory of the radiant earth,
The melody of nature, here are found ;
The birds are warbling lays of love and mirth,
And every tree with fruited blessings crowned !
Beneath my feet I hear the rippling rill,
And every scene around, my heart can worship still !

God of the earth ! my soul may not deride
The true devotion which belongs to thee ;
These gifts are with thy name identified,
Confirm thy power,—fulfil thy high decree !
And I am spared upon thy works to gaze,
Filled with a reverent awe of gratitude and praise !

THE TROSACHS,

ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM STIRLING, IN SCOTLAND.

“ The meaning of the word “ Trosachs,” in some measure, describes the scene—a rough or bristled piece of territory. The author of the “ Lady of the Lake” has described it as a ‘wilderling scene of mountains, rocks, and woods, thrown together in disorderly groups.’ ”

CHAMBERS’ INFORMATION.

Ye cloud-girt mountains of this mighty world,
Of stern, impendent, and terrific form,
That raise ’mid heaven your summits to the storm,
Like rugged peaks in dread convulsion hurled—
Oh, are ye ruined fanes, that skyward rear
Your mighty tops beneath the span of heaven ?
Or temples by the God of nature given,
For holy rites and patriarchal prayer ?
Or are ye placed as awful mounds alone,
To kindle thought, to move the heart of man
To solemn musing on the glorious plan
Of heaven and earth—God’s footstool and his throne ?
For oh ! a secret impulse steals with awful fear,
And whispers to my soul, Jehovah’s hand is here !

A MOTHER'S MOURN.

Thou wert my sweetest, only flower,—
A blessing by the Almighty given ;
But blighted by death's ruthless power,
And now thou art a child of heaven !

Lonely thou'rt laid in endless sleep,—
Would I could bid my sorrows cease !
But since thou'rt blest, why should I weep ?
For Heaven is love, and joy, and peace.

Brief were thy days—thy fragile form
Seemed destined for a happier haven ;—
Thou early sank, 'mid life's rude storm,
To meet thy Saviour's face in heaven !

ON THE MIRACLES AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

He came the wounded heart to heal—
The soul to cheer—the sick to raise—
To cleanse the leper, and reveal
His Father's power and speak His praise ;
Clothed in humility benign,
With grace, and innocence divine.

He came (oh blessed task !) to preach,
To point to truth, to life and light !
The dark, the wayward mind to teach,
And guide it from an endless night ;—
To purify the soul within,
And turn aside the demon, Sin !

He heard the hapless widow's grief,
Her son—her only hope—was dead !
Christ gave her troubled soul relief,
And raised him from the grave's cold bed !
The lame and impotent he healed,
And Heaven's eternal bliss revealed !

He came—the blessed Son of God !—
And raised in strength the palsied form ;
And on the troubled deep he trod,
And hushed the winds and soothed the storm ;
He died upon the shameful tree,
To raise man's fallen destiny !

Rude was his path,—yet he was meek !
And bore, with patience, woe and care ;
And when the tear drop dewed his cheek,
For them he raised his voice in prayer ;
“ Father !” (upon the cross) he cried,
Forgive them,” and the Saviour died !

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

“ Moon of harvest, herald mild
Of Plenty, rustic labour’s child.”

KIRKE WHITE.

A breathless stillness, beautiful and bland,
Serenely dwells upon the face of night !
The Moon divinely sheds her tranquil light,—
Soft, pensive, beaming o’er an abject land.
Glory upon the earth unfolds its vest !
The cottage sound is lull’d, and the young bird
No longer in the sylvan dell is heard ;
And every tree and leaf is hushed to rest.
Oh, Moon of Harvest, from thy boundless throne,
Looking in peace upon the sheaves of corn,
When will the poor enjoy, from Plenty’s horn,
The bounty which Omnipotence hath strown ?
When will the poor from tyranny be free,
And dire oppression crushed, Eternal One, by thee ?

ISLE OF MY FATHERS.

Isle of my fathers ! fair land of my birth !
Though enchained, thou art dear to my heart and my song,
For none are more brave on the limits of earth,
Yet none more defiled by oppression and wrong.

Isle of my fathers ! with wisdom profound,
Illuming the world with the light of the page ;
And shedding thy beacons of knowledge around,
From the pens of the poet, the stoic, and sage.

Isle of my fathers ! of energy great,
With genius adorning the sons of thy shore ;
But now how despised, and how abject thy state,
And gone is thy boast, and thy glory of yore !

Isle of my fathers ! in enterprise famed,
In skill and in diligence, first and the last ;
But where is thy triumph, that erst was proclaimed ?
And where is thy vaunting in years of the past ?

Thy wisdom is chilled by tyranny's hand,
And genius is fettered, my country, in thee ;
For the spirit of commerce droops over the land,
That late was the pride of thy havens and sea !

Thy wives and thy daughters—the constant and fair,
The beauty and glory of Albion's strand,
Are doomed, by injustice, hard fortune to share,
And indigent grieve through the suffering land.

But yet shall the chain of thy thralldom be riven,
Exultant arise amid freedom's sweet smile ;
For a power will prevail through the mercy of heaven,
And liberty gladden the homes of my isle !

TO THE SUN.

Vast orb ! in heavenly splendour throned, divine,—
Mysterious and immense,—thou genial sun,—
Glorious—like thy Creator—blessed sign
And evidence of the Most High and Mighty One !
Thou art (and hast been since the world begun)
Unchangeable—and cloth'st with thy benign
Influence, the smiling fields ;—all, all would pine—
Nature herself decay—tree, plant, and flower,
Bereft of thy blest animating power.
The traveller, involved in the drear night,
Wearied with toil, friendless and forlorn,
Smiles, when in the east thou yield'st thy radiant light ;
And the poor seaman, 'mid fierce tempests borne,
Blesseth with joyful heart the rising morn.

A POETICAL REPLICATION.

DEAR ROGERSON,

I duly received your kind notice to dine,
And accept it with pleasure—how could I decline ?
For the men I approve, and the friends I admire,
Are the poets that breathe in my own native shire.
And I love to be present when harmony kind
But serves as relief to the rays of the mind,
And list to the purer expressions which flow,
Imparting new life, like the sunbeams below ;
For this world would but be as a chaos of gloom,
If the mind, like that orb, did not cheer and illume.
Apropo of the “ Sun ”—if my metaphor’s right,—
The Sun and the Poet are objects of light ;
So the party and place are in unison greeting—
A simile strange, and as rare as the meeting.

Do you hope to have, beaming with goodness and smiles,
The laureate Rose, the chief bard of the isles,
To whom India gave birth, and whom Britain may claim,
To rank with her kindred his patriot name ?
With the spirit of Liberty, eager to save
From the lash of the despot—the suffering slave !
And the voice of a poet—the first of his race,
With the power and feeling of Freedom to trace,
Who would shatter the chains of the abject in birth,
And bid man arise from the thralldom of earth !

And then you'll have Princee, with his vigorous soul,
In a new emanation delighting the whole,
With a feeling that warmth and emotion instils—
A voice which awakens—a beauty that thrills—
A grandeur subduing, with milder control,
The base wayward passions which prey on the soul.

Then you'll have, with his blunt honest manner and truth,
With the strength, with the fire, and fervour of youth,
Whose open sincerity all must regard—
The manly, the steadfast, stanch Middleton Bard.
Through his verse there's a beauty and boldness that glows,
And a graphical picture starts forth in his prose,
With thoughts fresh and deep like the waves of the sea,
And a patriot feeling, calm, steady, and free ;

A friend to Reform—but discreet in his plan,
To save by true reason the life-blood of man ;
Who laboured with zeal against tyranny's hand,
And suffered* in guarding the rights of the land.

Will Dickinson come, with his frank earnest looks,
The Mæcenas of Poets, though binder of books,
Who, from prejudice free, with a generous mind,
Has a soul philanthropic for all human kind—
The will and the deed, with the hand and the heart,
Responding without affectation or art ?

May I hope that our friend from the Heath will be there ?
With his argument strong and his poetry rare,
And his knowledge of books, which may serve him to sit
With the first men of letters, of wisdom, or wit.
When a youth I was charmed with his sweet “Village” lays,
Which I’ve read with delight in my more mature days :
There’s a spirit of friendship, of love chaste and bland,
With patriot flashes ’gainst tyranny’s hand—
A love for his country, a prayer for the poor,
And a sympathy warm for the wrongs they endure ;
Yet our friend has a quality some may deem bold,
An emphasis striking, like Stentor of old ;

* Mr. Bamford has suffered more imprisonment in the cause of Reform, than perhaps any man of the present day.

But for me, I contend that what they may call rude
Is but laudable candour—a firmness of mood.

Will our faithful friend Kershaw be found in his place,
With his generous soul and intelligent face,
And add to the pleasure and joy of the throng
The charm of a native mellifluous song ?
His feeling is warm, and unsullied appears,
Nor cooled by distrust, nor yet shaken by years,
For his friendship is not mere profession apart,
But springs from the bosom, enshrined in the heart—
Like a tree with its virtues eternally rife,
And blossoming fresh in the autumn of life.

Then the popular author of “ Rhyme and Romance,”
Will give grace to the scene with his keen, cheerful glance—
In short, my dear Rogerson, you will be there,
To preside at the meeting, and sit in the chair ;
And who in the much honoured place is more fit
To rule with mild eloquence, judgment, and wit ?
As a man of the world, who through good and through ill,
Has firmness controlling the mind and the will—
Unswerving from truth, and in friendship the same,
Not swayed by rude passion, nor buoyant with fame ;
In the husband and father has fondness and care,
And a mutual feeling life’s blessings to share ;

As a poet, applauded, whose subjects, refined,
Have the charm to improve us in morals and mind—
Rare gems of the heart, which for ages will shine,
Bright, gracious, and pure—calm, sweet, and benign ;
Or the elegant beauty, both rich and sublime,
Like roses which bloom through the ravage of time—
In fact, it were difficult most to commend,
The man or the husband, the poet or friend.

And then you'll have Sylvan, a bard to my taste,
With his wit unassuming, and similes chaste ;
And Tidmarsh, the gentle in manner and mind,
A type of good fellowship, dear to mankind ;
With others I know not, whose names may not chime,
Nor serve me to lengthen this Letter of Rhyme.
I conclude then with hoping that harmony's ray
May cheer like the sun in the glory of day,
And reason's chaste beam, from the stars of the night,
Shine forth with effulgence pure, grateful, and bright.

Yours sincerely,

G. RICHARDSON.

TO DR. DALTON.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. PETER CLARE.)

Oh ! thou illustrious on history's page,
Supreme in science, how may I dare
To write thy worth, or paint thy virtues rare,
Thou great, yet humble, venerable sage !
Who hath alone, as with infinite eye,
Pierced the atomic quality of air,
And laid the living fount of nature bare,—
A mystic element of the Deity !
And yet so skilled withal, thy gentle mind
Regards, with moral philosophic soul,
A sacred principle of love refined,
And reverent fear of Him who planned the whole !
Devoutly fain the Eternal's hand to trace,
And elevate mankind with pure and perfect grace !

THE BLIND FATHER.

“ Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark.”

MILTON.

In darkness he wanders, but, oh ! not alone,
By his side is another, young, tender, and mild ;
He clasps its small hand, and the gleam of its joy
Went deep in my heart, ’twas his own gentle child !
And I heard the soft voice, as he listened with care,
Like a whisper of hope in the ear of despair !

'Twas his child ! oh, I am a father too !

And know with what rapture a parent trace

The sweet sparkling beam from simplicity's eye,

And the ecstacy glancing from childhood's dear face ;

But the form of his child never greeted his sight,

Yet his look was benignant, calm, tender, and bright !

And, oh, who may speak of the deep yearning heart,

Or tell of the lone awful void he must feel ?

No look of fond love, nor a friendly response,

Or the glory which earth and the sky may reveal ;

The green fruitful fields never gladden his gaze,

Yet his soul is imbued with the spirit of praise !

A moment he stood betwixt pleasure and fear,

Whilst his infant clung round him with innocent grace ;

And he started and trembled, so anxious his love,

Then turned to the sky his meek eloquent face ;

And the placid devotion which mantled his brow,

Was a lesson which points to humility now !

How cautious, how gentle his faltering step,

Mistrusting that danger may lurk to betray ;

'Mid sunlight and gloom, amid joyance and woe,

He wanders, with tremulous step, his drear way ;

But his face tells a happy emotion of mind,

For God, in his mercy, o'ershadows the blind !

I thought of the future, and pictured his home,
And the grief which was felt by his desolate wife ;
Of the anguish, should penury visit his cot,
And his struggle with fate through the upland of life ;
But his stay was the meek path of faith which he trod,
And Thou wert his hope and his comfort, oh, God !

THE TEMPEST.

Thick darkness as a veil hangs o'er the night,
Awful and gloomy as the vault of death ;
The raging blast shrieks by with furious breath,
Rushing with fierce and desolating might !
Oh God ! with grateful heart—this dreadful hour,
I thank thee for my comfortable lot,
As sheltered here within my homely cot,
I sleepless listen to the tempest's power ;
And as the howling storm in fury raves,
To think what wrath the seaman's bark assail ;
Whilst musing on his home, with aspect pale,
He looks with horror on the yawning waves !
Still thou, oh God ! if 'twere thy mercy's will,
Could hush the gale, or bid the maddened deep be still !

HYMN OF NATURE.

Ye fields, impearl'd with early dew,
 Green and fragrant, fresh and fair,
Ye fill my awed and conscious soul
 With praise to Him who formed ye there ;
For, in your fruitful glory drest,
The almighty hand is manifest.

Ye fields, that from you bosoms shoot
 A thousand, thousand gentle stems,
Waving, with incense in the breeze,
 Your rainbow-tinted diadems,
Ye tell of Spring, and from the sod
Come as mute witnesses of God.

And now, in blooming splendour, stand
The proud, the lofty forest trees,
Whilst from their waving tops is heard
The joyous carol of the breeze ;
And heavenward soaring seem to raise
Their myriad heads in thankful praise.

Glory, grandeur, and beauty have
Their banners o'er the earth unfurl'd,
To light and bless the stubborn heart,
Like heaven communing with the world.
Oh ! what is man, that Mercy's given
To point his erring steps to heaven !

There's grandeur when sweet even sheds
Its milder radiance o'er the whole,—
When worlds in peaceful glory shine,
To lure the stricken heart and soul—
Eternal cressets placed on high,
Around the throne of Deity !

STANZAS

ON LEAVING APLEY, IN SHROPSHIRE,

ADDRESSED TO MISS HORSMAN, THE AUTHOR'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

'Tis sweet to meet the friends we love,
By distance kept apart for years ;
And dearer when such joys are linked
To those which kindred more endears.

Give me the still domestic home,—
The humble hearth, the lowly state—
Contentment, and inspiring peace,
Life's chiefest blessings to await.

The welcome fare, the cheerful smile—
The tree-embowered cot of thatch ;
My gentle wife and offspring dear,
With none but friends to raise the latch.

These are the rarest worldly gifts,
Sweet joys which final blessings prove ;
And what is life unless to live
In social intercourse and love ?

I ask not honour, crave not wealth,
But just enough of Fortune's smile
To check adversity and want,
By honest means, and moderate toil.

With these to move in decent pride,
Through varied scenes this chequer'd maze—
To love and live endeared to mine,
And pass in peacefulness my days !

THE END.

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